READ "THE BEAUTIFUL THIEF," BY ALVAH MILTON KERR, NEXT WEEK

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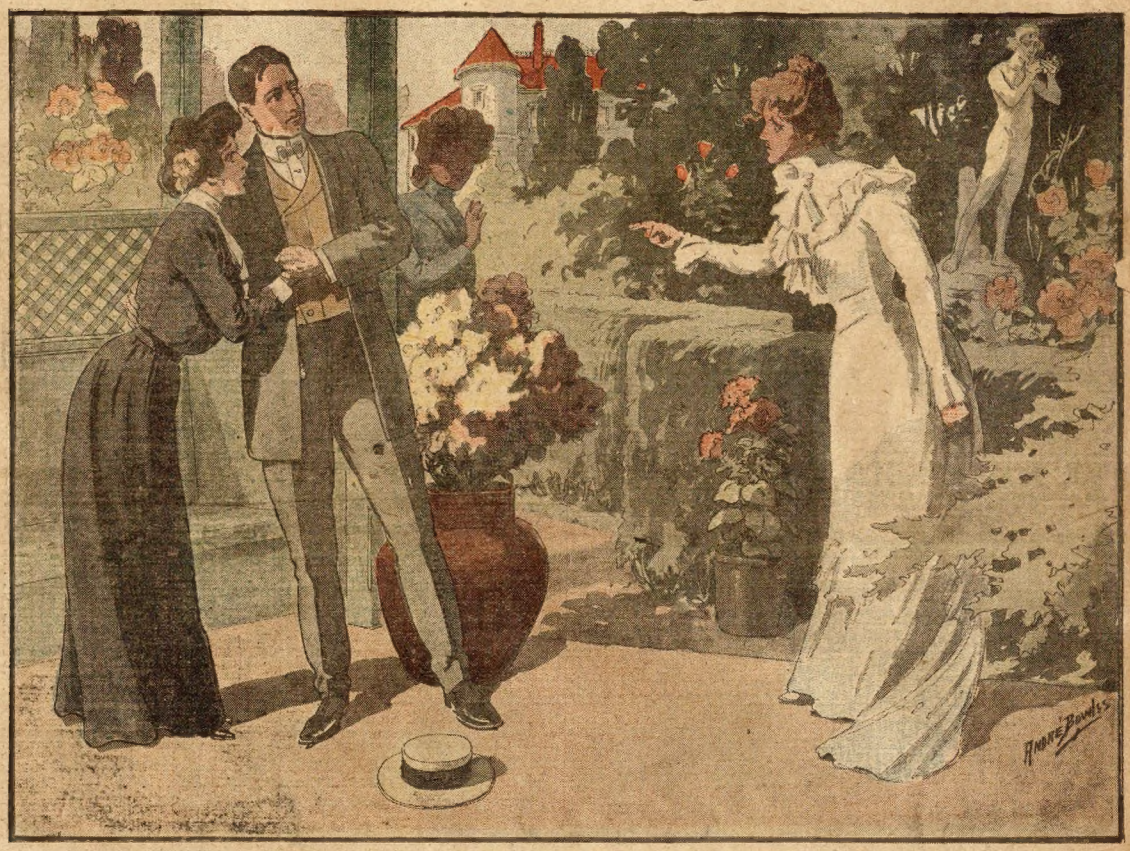

THE FATAL MILLIONS.

By Emma Howard Wight.

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CHAPTER I.

HORACE DUNGARD, MILLIONAIRE.

Horace Dungard, of the banking house of Dungard and Edmondson, was altogether a self-made man. He was very rich, worth at least several millions, and his wealth was due to natural shrewdness, an aptitude for business which seemed to have been born in him, and a dogged perseverance.

He was the eldest son of a poor struggling clergyman whose family consisted of four sons and three daughters. When Horace was twenty-one years of age shame and sorrow darkened the humble home of the clergyman. Alice, the eldest daughter, a pretty fair-haired girl of eighteen, fled from her home with a young man, a pupil of her father's. Horace, who was devotedly attached to his sister, was half mad with grief and rage. The girl left a tear-stained letter declaring that she was to be married to her lover, but that it was his desire that the marriage should be kept secret. Horace at once started in pursuit of the couple, but it was two months before he traced them to a remote seaside village in Maine. And there he found his sister alone. She was no wife, she had been betrayed and then deserted. And with her white, changed face, from which the radiant bloom was gone forever, uplifted in anguished entreaty, she pleaded for the life of the man Horace would have shot like a dog.

"Would you but add to my sufferings?" she moaned. And thus she wrung from her brother a promise to spare the man who had ruined her. But she could not kill the bitter hatred in Horace Dungard's heart which was destined in after years to act with fatal effect upon his life and the lives of others.

Horace took his sister home, but her heart was broken, her health shattered, and she died in less than a year. Upon her deathbed, she made Horace repeat the promise he had previously given her.

"It is not alone for his sake, but for your own," she said. "I would not have your life wrecked because of my folly, my sin. Leave him to the God who has said, 'Vengeance is Mine.'"

It seemed to Horace Dungard that in his sister's grave was buried the noblest promise of his life. From that time he devoted his life to work, more to drown his sorrow than in the desire to achieve wealth. The years passed; the clergyman and his wife were dead and of all his brothers and sisters, only two remained, Mary and Winston; the latter the youngest of the minister's family and twenty-seven years of age at the beginning of this story. Horace had never married and his sister and brother made their home with him.

On a June morning Mr. Edmondson, Horace Dungard's partner, came into the banker's private office with an open letter in his hand. The two men were most unlike in appearance. Horace Dungard's clean-shaven face was sharp-featured; his light gray eyes were stern and hawk-like, his lips thin and expressive of will power and inflexibility. His black hair was thickly sprinkled with gray; he was tall and thin and carried himself with stiff erectness.

Mr. Edmondson was a short stout man, with a florid skin, blue eyes and reddish hair. He was a widower with one son, a dissipated young fellow who caused his father endless anxiety and trouble.

"I suppose I shall be obliged to take a trip, Horace," he said. "This letter tells me that a cousin of mine, of whom I was very fond, is dying in destitution in Boston. She ran away with her music teacher, a worthless Italian and was disowned by her family. He has been dead, it appears, for some years and she has been supporting herself, too proud to apply before to her family for help. But I will read you the letter. 'My dear Charles, I am dying and my child, Gratia, will be left penniless and all alone in the world. You were always so good to me, Charles, and I appeal to you now for my child's sake. She is very young and very lovely. I dare not think of what her fate may be if she is left alone to struggle with the world. You will not, I am sure, refuse to respond to the appeal of a dying woman. Come to me at once that I may die in peace, knowing that my child's future will be your care. Your unhappy cousin,

CARRY CASPARD.'"

"Poor woman!" said Horace Dungard, as Mr. Edmondson folded up the letter. "Her life has evidently been a hard one. Of course, you will go at once, Charles?"

"Of course," Charles Edmondson replied. "Carry's child shall be to me as a daughter. She will no doubt compensate me for the sorrow my own child is constantly bringing upon me," and he sighed. "I shall start at once and it may be a week or so before I return."

The two men parted after discussing some business details, little guessing that in this world they would never meet again.

CHAPTER II.

THE FATEFUL NOTE.

Ashford was a pretty little town not a great distance from New York City. In a handsome residence on the outskirts of the town lived Richard Dunting, the rich pork packer. His family consisted of his wife, a grown son, two grown daughters and three children whose ages ranged from eight to thirteen years.

It was a delightful afternoon and Mrs. Dunting, a coarse looking, over-dressed woman, sat in the drawing room with her

two daughters, who were rather stylish young women.

"My dear, did I understand you to say that Winston Dungard was coming with your brother this evening?" Mrs. Dunting inquired of her elder daughter.

"Why, yes, mamma, that is what Dick said," was the reply, with a conscious drooping of the eyes.

"You certainly are a lucky girl, Clara," declared Mrs. Dunting.

"Why, what do you mean, mamma?" And the girl tried to look as though she did not understand.

"Nonsense, Clara, you know well enough what I mean. You are fortunate in having made conquest of Winston Dungard. He's not only a fine, good-looking young fellow, but he will inherit several millions of dollars from his brother who no doubt will make a handsome settlement upon him when he marries. I call you a very lucky girl."

"Don't you think, mamma, that you may be unwise in counting your chickens before they are hatched?" asked Anna, the second daughter. "How can you be so sure that Winston Dungard is in love with Clara and wants to marry her?"

"I would like to know what brings him here if he's not in love with Clara?" cried Mrs. Dunting, indignantly.

"Well, I have my suspicions as to that," replied Anna.

"Perhaps you fancy that he's in love with you," suggested Clara, with an unpleasant laugh.

"No, I don't think that I am the attraction either," declared Anna.

At that moment the door opened and Nesta Marvin, the Duntings' governess, entered the room. As she came forward, Anna watched her curiously and with a little odd smile about her lips. The young girl was very pretty. Her skin was pink and white, her eyes a dark blue, while her brows, lashes and hair were very dark. She was rather small with a dainty graceful figure.

"You wish to see me, Mrs. Dunting?" she said.

"Yes," Mrs. Dunting replied. "I want you to rearrange the flowers on the dinner table this evening. We expect Mr. Winston Dungard."

Only Anna noticed the sudden deepening of the rose bloom on the governess' cheek, the flash of joy in the blue eyes, and smiled a little maliciously.

That evening the Duntings with their guest were seated at dinner.

Winston Dungard bore no resemblance whatever to his brother, the millionaire banker. Winston was tall, athletic in build, with a fair Saxon type of good looks. They were as unlike in character as in appearance. Winston was far from possessing the strong nature, the iron will, the indomitable determination that characterized his brother.

Winston was seated next to Clara, and, if he replied to her sometimes at random and his eyes wandered frequently to the bottom of the table where Mr. Marvin sat with the eldest of her charges, she was blissfully unconscious of the fact. The governess was looking extremely pretty in a simple white frock with a crimson rose in her dusky hair.

Dinner came to an end. Winston held the door open as the ladies passed out. Nesta was the last to leave the room. Quickly Winston slipped a tiny note into her hand. She gave him one fleeting glance full of tender meaning as she passed out.

Later, in the drawing room Winston seated himself beside Clara, while Richard Dunting made his way at once to the governess. Richard was not handsome, but he had a good, true face. He was desperately in love with his mother's pretty governess though for her sake he tried to conceal that fact from his family, until he had some reason to believe that she returned his love, when he would try to defy the whole world. So far, however, he had no reason for believing that she cared for him at all, that is, in the way he desired, for Nesta was not unappreciative of the gentle courtesy with which he always treated her and had a sincere liking for him.

It was eleven o'clock before the Duntings and their guest retired though Nesta had left the drawing room quite early in the evening. Clara went to her room, her heart beating high with happiness for Winston had hardly left her side the entire evening. Anna followed her to her dressing room.

"I have something of importance to tell you, Clara," she said, while her eyes, with a mixture of vindictiveness and triumph, lingered upon her sister's face.

"I don't see what you can have to talk about at this time of the night," Clara exclaimed, impatiently, "I am tired and sleepy; wait until tomorrow."

"What I have to tell you will not take long," declared Anna. "You remember my saying this morning that I did not believe that you were the attraction that brought Winston Dungard here so frequently?"

"Oh, I remember something of the kind," Clara replied, carelessly, as she began removing the faded flowers from the front of her gown. "But you frequently make spiteful remarks of that kind."

"Spiteful or otherwise, that remark hit the truth," said Anna. "Winston Dungard comes here because he is in love with some one in this house, but it's neither you nor me."

"What do you mean?" cried Clara, turning fiercely upon her.

Anna held out to her a small crumpled piece of paper.

"Read that," she said. "It was dropped by Miss Marvin. It's unsigned, but you'll recognize Winston Dungard's handwriting."

Clara seized the note, and with white, twitching lips, read the few pencilled lines:

"My darling, meet me tomorrow morning at seven o'clock in the summer house."

"I do not believe it; it's some trick," cried Clara, furiously.

"There is one way to convince yourself whether or not Winston Dungard has been simply using you as a catspaw," remarked Anna, quietly. "Be at the summer house tomorrow morning at seven o'clock."

"You are right," murmured Clara, and Anna began to feel a little frightened as she looked at her white face and gleaming eyes. "I will be there and I want you to accompany me."

CHAPTER III.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

It was a few minutes before seven o'clock upon the following morning when Clara Dunting softly left her room and stole along the hall. Her face looked white and haggered, her lips were set and there was a look not pleasant to see in her light gray eyes. Clara Dunting possessed one of those natures that never forgets or forgives an injury and will stop at nothing to be revenged.

Her whole heart had been set on becoming Winston Dungard's wife, not through mercenary motives alone, but because he had aroused whatever love her selfish nature was capable of feeling. She only felt now as though she hated him, however, but not as intensely as she hated the innocent girl who had won his love.

Anna was waiting for her at the head of the stairway, and in silence they left the house and passed out into the fresh, fragrant loveliness of the early June morning.

Anna, glancing furtively at her sister's face, began to regret the course she had pursued and to feel ashamed of the part they were both about to play. She stopped and laid a detaining hand on her sister's arm.

"Clara," she said, "it strikes me that we are showing a total lack, not alone of pride, but even of common decency in playing the spy upon Winston Dungard and Nesta Marvin. Why should you let him know that you have misconstrued his attentions? or, in fact, that you care anything for him? You can at least save your pride."

Clara shook her hand from her arm contemptuously.

"You should have thought of all this before," she replied. "It's useless to try to argue the matter with me now. Do you suppose I am going to remain passive and let him and that girl make a tool and a fool of me? Oh, no," and she smiled in a way that did not lessen Anna's discomfort. She realized, however, how useless it would be to say any more, so they went on again in silence.

The summer house was a pretty little rustic affair standing in a somewhat remote part of the grounds. Clara sprang up the two steps leading up to the entrance followed most reluctantly by Anna. Nesta and Winston were seated side by side on the bench which ran around the entire interior of the summer house. His arm was about her waist, her head rested against his shoulder and her eyes, soft with tenderness, were uplifted to his. She was seated facing the door of the summer house and was the first to perceive Clara and Anna. With a low cry, she started to her feet, the color dying out of her face.

Winston also sprang up and stared in astonishment at Clara's pale, distorted face. To do him justice, he had never suspected that she cared for him or had misconstrued his attentions. He had fallen madly in love with Nesta Marvin almost at first sight and had yielded to his desire to see her without thinking that a wrong construction might be placed upon his frequent visits to the Duntings, notwithstanding the fact that he and Richard Dunting were college chums and intimate friends.

For a moment no one spoke, then Clara's rage, hatred and chagrin found vent in words. Plebeian blood as it was, Clara Dunting had no more the instincts of a lady than her grandmother, a coarse, good-natured creature, who sold pins and tape behind the counter of her little store, had possessed.

It was a sickening scene. Anna caught her breath in dismay as Clara forgot pride, dignity and even womanliness in her rage. When she paused breathless, Winston, recovering from his astonishment, said quietly:

"Miss Dunting, I must insist that you spare Miss Marvin any further insults. Let us end this unpleasant scene."

Clara laughed wildly, sneeringly.

"As if one could insult a creature like her who has secret rendezvous with her employers' guests," she cried. "We all know what——"

Winston stopped her with a gesture, and, for the moment, she shrank under the stern look in his eyes.

"Stop," he said. "Miss Marvin is my affianced wife, and, as such I am proud to acknowledge her before the whole world. It was because she desired it that our engagement was kept secret for a time. I realize now how very unwise it was. Nesta," turning to the girl who stood pale and trembling and taking her hand gently in his, "will you give me the right from this time forth to protect and cherish you? Will you marry me today?"

She caught her breath and lifted a startled gaze to his face.

"Let it be so, dear," Winston continued, earnestly. "I cannot permit you to return to that house again. Trust me, Nesta, and let it be as I wish."

A faint smile touched her lips, a sigh of relief passed her lips, as she murmured:

"I leave it all in your hands, Winston."

Winston turned to Anna.

"I will send some one for Miss Marvin's things, Miss Dunting," he said. "Will you explain matters to your brother and ask him that he can find me at the hotel in Ashford."

He drew Nesta's hand through his arm and passed with her out of the summer house.

That afternoon Winston Dungard and Nesta Marvin were married in the village church. The bright June sunlight fell like a benediction upon the fair head of the groom and the dark one of the bride and there was no slightest premonition in the heart of either to warn them of the black shadow darkening the path of their future.

Winston took his bride to the hotel as soon as they were married.

It was not two days later that Richard Dunting was shown into the small private sitting room. He looked very pale and his voice was quite steady as he spoke.

"Winston, old fellow, I feel ashamed to face you after what occurred this morning. What occurred this morning in the summer house I was literally stunned. I did not know what to say or to do. That my sister could be——"

"There, Dick, don't say any more," Winston interrupted him. "You must not think of it any more. I," smiling, "cannot be sorry for what occurred since it has been the means of making me very happy. Of course you know that Nesta and I were married this morning?"

"Yes, I know," Richard Dunting replied, in a low voice.

"I will call Nesta," said Winston, starting toward the door leading into the adjoining room, but Richard stopped him.

"No, don't do that, Winston," he said. "I —I would rather not see her just now."

"Why, my dear fellow, Nesta has only the kindest feelings toward you and will be pleased to see you."

"Yes, I know, but don't disturb her. I would prefer that you did not."

There was something in Richard Dunting's pale face and appealing voice that caused Winston to urge the matter no further. He had no suspicion of the truth occurred to him.

"You must come to see us often after we are in town," he said.

"I shall be glad to do that," Richard answered. "Where shall I find you? at your brother's?"

"Yes, I shall take Nesta there for the present. Horace and my sister will be very much surprised," and he smiled.

Richard Dunting went slowly home across the fields. He walked all the summer night, his head sunk upon his breast and the pale look of pain still on his face. Then suddenly he threw up his head and lifted his eyes to the sky in which a few silvery stars were beginning to pale.

"She is another man's wife now and I must try to forget that I ever hoped to win her for my own," he murmured. "Her friend, ready to lay down my life in her service if need be, I shall always be." Then lifting his hat reverently, he added, "God bless and keep her!"

The day came when Richard Dunting more than redeemed that pledge spoken under the stars on Nesta Dungard's wedding night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

The Dungard residence was a brown stone house with high marble steps on West Side Fourth street, by no means a fashionable part of the city. It was not a cheerful house with its dark draperies and handsome, ponderous furniture. But it suited Horace Dungard, and Mary Dungard knew no will save that of her brother. Winston found it at times oppressive and dreary.

His face was very bright and happy, however, when, on the afternoon following his marriage, he ran up the front steps and was admitted by Hammond, his brother's butler.

"Is my brother at home, Hammond?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Winston, he hasn't come home yet," the butler replied.

"Where's Miss Mary?"

"I think she's in her sitting room."

Winston went upstairs to his sister's own particular sanctum, a small room less handsomely furnished and more cheerful than the rooms in the big silent house.

Mary Dungard was a small, blue-eyed, brown-haired woman with a peach-like skin. She looked up with a smile as Winston entered.

"I am so glad you have come home, dear," she said. "You may be able to cheer Horace up a bit."

"Why, what's the matter with Horace, Mary?" Winston asked, a little absently.

"Yes, yesterday was the anniversary of poor Alice's death," Mary Dungard explained. "And Horace was so gloomy and silent." She sighed. "It's just twenty-three years ago since she died."

"Twenty-three years! That's a long time to keep a grief fresh," said Winston. "He must have loved her very dearly."

"He simply worshiped her. I shall never so long as I live forget the look on his face the day Alice went away. It's hardly likely you remember anything about it, you were only four years old at the time. Horace was never the same after that day."

"I have a vague recollection of the time when Alice died. Do you know, Mary, I think Horace is morbid to cherish and brood over that which happened so many years ago."

"I suppose it's his nature. I have always thought that if Horace had married he would have been a different man."

"Well, it's not too late yet," declared Winston, with a smile. "Horace is comparatively a young man."

"I don't think he will ever marry."

"He's late today. The bank must have closed an hour or so ago."

"He's probably been detained. Mr. Edmondson is away. I think I hear Horace now going into the library."

"I want particularly to speak to him," said Winston, as he arose and went toward the door.

But when Winston found himself in the presence of his stern, gloomy brother, he began to feel nervous and a strange reluctance took possession of him to impart the news of his marriage. Winston was entirely dependent upon his brother, having very little business capacity, and it occurred to him that it would be a very bad thing indeed if Horace should happen to be displeased at his hasty marriage. After a moment's reflection, he decided to break the news gradually, instead of at once announcing the fact of his marriage.

"There is something I want to say to you, Horace," he began, rather awkwardly. "The fact is I—— am in love."

A slightly ironic smile touched Horace Dungard's lips.

"Indeed!" he remarked. "Well, there is nothing very startling in that," and he waited for Winston to proceed.

This Winston did, relating how he had fallen in love with the Duntings' pretty governess, developing some little skill in expatiating upon her sweetness, her beauty, her goodness, to all of which Horace listened without any sign of disapproval, if somewhat wearily. Winston began to breathe more freely and started in to relate the scene in the summer house which had led to his marriage.

"You see," he began, "Miss Marvin——" he paused abruptly, startled into silence by the look on Horace's face.

"One moment," said Horace, and his voice was ominously quiet. "Did I understand you to say that this young woman's name is Marvin?"

"Yes," replied Winston. "Is the name in any way familiar to you?"

"Familiar to me!" repeated Horace Dungard, half to himself. Then he turned toward Winston. "It is so familiar to me that it has been written upon my very soul for twenty-two years; so hated that the mere sound of the name will drive me to kill. I will tell you why. Marvin was the name of the devil who betrayed and murdered, for he did murder her, your sister. This girl, who bears his name, may be of his kin to him, but since there is one drop of his blood run in her veins, I would rather follow you to your grave than that you should make her your wife. Tell me all that you know of her."

"She is an orphan," Winston went on to explain, with pale lips. "Her father's name was Charles Marvin. His father came of an old, blue-blooded Irish family, and, at his death, Charles inherited a handsome fortune. He married and his wife died at Nesta's birth. Charles Marvin was dissipated, he squandered his fortune, and, finally committed suicide, leaving his only child——"

"Never mind that," Horace interrupted him. "There can be no question of a doubt. Charles Marvin was the girl's father. I never lost sight of him. I watched his downward career until it culminated in self-destruction—a fit ending to such a life."

He paused, struggling for self-control. His face was white and drops of sweat stood thickly upon his brow, while the veins at his temples were swelled and purple.

"It is perhaps unnecessary for me to tell you to give up this girl once and forever. Now that you know all your very nature should revolt from the thought of making her your wife."

"But is it right, is it just to visit her father's wrongdoing upon her?" murmured Winston.

"The Almighty has said that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," replied Horace, grimly.

"But I love her and my honor is pledged," pleaded Winston, desperately.

"There can be no question of honor in such a case. This girl, who through some strange fatality, has crossed your path, is the daughter of the man who ruined your sister, who brought dishonor upon our name and bowed the heads of our parents to the dust with sorrow and shame. She has Charles Marvin's blood in her veins and some day would bring sorrow as he brought sorrow to those who loved and trusted him." Those words were destined one day to return to Winston Dungard with terrible significance. "Of course," Horace Dungard continued, "I cannot prevent your marrying this girl if you are determined to do so, but, from the moment you make her your wife you and I are strangers forever, and, understand me well, not one cent of my money shall you have. You would rather sink every dollar of it in the sea than that any of his blood should profit by it. Now, is your time to decide once and for all. There must be no further parleying or indecision in the matter. If you are still determined to marry that girl, you must leave this house at once and never again cross the threshold of my door, and, willingly, I shall never look upon your face again. Now, what is your decision?"

Winston stood, for the space of a moment or so, irresolute. If he told Horace the truth he would be cast out, penniless, and his bride of a day must share his poverty. He simply could not tell his brother the truth. He would keep his marriage a secret at least for the present, and trust to time and circumstances to solve the problem of his difficulty.

"Very well," he said, in a low voice, his face paling as he spoke. "Let it be as you wish."

Before Horace Dungard had time to reply, Hammond, the butler, entered with a telegram.

A GOOD STORY FREE

THE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE.

This story is sent free to every reader of this paper. The story will interest every one who longs to own a home in the West and be able to pass their remaining years without being dependent upon others. The West is full of golden opportunities. There is Butte Valley, California, the land of great trees, great valleys, great agricultural yields, and great everything. This great valley invites the poor, the moderately well-off, and the hard-working middle classes to come to its bosom, and buy land on easy payments and get great harvests. Why should a man toil his years away in a factory or at work for small pay? Why should a man grub away renting a farm in the East and making rich landlords richer, for a small sum he may own a splendid farm and not only make a good living but put money away each year. This is YOUR opportunity. Just send for this book, it costs you nothing, and it shows you the great opportunity you have to get on in the world. Every reader of this paper has the chance. If you don't write for the book you are not fair to yourself or those of your family who depend on you. Butte Valley opens its arms and says "Come." Many of the people here want to come and share its prosperity. You know persons who have gone out West and made fortunes from its productive soil. Their stories are like dreams to you, but the dream is true. You can have the chance. Just write for the booklet that shows you how it is. Remember this is not to hear of the wonders of Butte Valley, yet everything stated about this great country is true. We want every reader of this paper to send for the story of the "Dream That Came True." It costs you nothing and we will gladly send it to every one who writes. Simply write a note like this: "Please send me a copy of the story of the 'Dream That Came True.'" Sign your name and address plainly and address your letter to

E. L. LOMAX, 1324 Farnam St., OMAHA, NEB

Horace read it and uttered a quick exclamation of dismay and horror.

"There has been a railway accident," he said, as Winston looked at him inquiringly, "and poor Charles Edmondson is among the killed."

CHAPTER V.

"AND DO YOU NOT HATE ME ALSO?"

To Nesta, awaiting Winston's return in a hotel, the time passed very slowly. A feeling of depression stole over her for which she would have been at a loss to account. She tried to read, but found it impossible. She passed the time looking out of the window, though she hardly noted what was going on in the street, or restlessly pacing about the room. She gave a great sigh of relief when, at length, the door opened and Winston entered and sprang to meet him, throwing herself into his arms.

"Oh, Winston, you said you would not be long and it has been three long hours," she murmured.

He bent his head and kissed her.

"I am sorry, dear, but I was detained and could not return any sooner. Have you been lonely and bored?"

"I have been lonely—yes," she answered. "Are we going to your brother's this evening, Winston?"

It was a moment or so before he replied.

"Nesta," he said, at length, "I cannot take you to my brother's house, and, for the present, dear, our marriage must be kept secret."

The brightness which his return had brought to her face died out of it.

"Oh! what is wrong?" she asked, anxiously. "Is your brother displeased at our marriage?"

"He knows nothing of it. I have not dared to tell him, Nesta."

"Not dared to tell him?" she murmured, falteringly.

"Nesta, there is something I must tell you though God alone knows how I wish it were possible to spare you such bitter knowledge."

He drew to a couch and then with his arms about her he told her the story of her father's wrong-doing and of Horace's relentless hatred for his sister's betrayer. She listened in silence, shuddering often. Then, when he had finished, she put aside his arms and shrank from him.

"Oh," she cried, lifting a face white and quivering to his, "and do you not hate me also?"

"Hate you?" he exclaimed, passionately, as he drew her back into his arms and kissed her quivering lips again and again. "My darling, I love you with all my soul. I am not a morbid monomaniac like Horace, and, even though I did not love you, I could not be so unjust and cruel as to cause you to suffer for your father's sin."

A wan smile crossed her lips and she murmured half to herself the words Horace Dungard had spoken a little while before, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children."

CHAPTER VI.

GRATIA.

Charles Edmondson's mangled body was brought back to New York and buried. It was just after the funeral that Horace Dungard remembered the woman to whom he was going when he met his death. That dying woman, awaiting the coming of the only friend she had on earth. Horace promptly made up his mind to go to Mrs. Caspard and carry out the wishes of his partner relative to her child. Accordingly he started at once for Boston.

He found the address given in the letter to be a shabby house with a dingy notice in one of the front windows that rooms were for rent within. A slovenly maid-of-all-work opened the door in answer to his ring and stared at him open-mouthed when he inquired for Mrs. Caspard.

"Lor! she's dead and buried," she replied. "Is her daughter still here?" asked Horace Dungard.

"Yes, she's here. Do you want to see her?"

She ushered him into a shabby, dreary parlor so called and left him. In a very few moments the door opened and the girl, dressed in a shabby black gown came quickly into the room. She ran up to him, crying, eagerly:

"Oh, you have come after all!"

And Horace Dungard looked down upon the loveliest face he had ever seen in his life. The girl had great, dark, dreamy eyes seldom seen except in women who have Italian blood in their veins. Her skin was ivory fair save for the vivid crimson of the exquisite lips. The beautiful brows and lashes were dark, while her hair, which lay in silky short curls over the small head, were of a deep burnished gold. She was about medium height, with an exquisitely molded figure and her every movement was full of grace.

Horace Dungard, who had looked upon the beauty of many women unmoved, stood silent and thrilled at the girl's half-childish loveliness.

"Your mother is dead?" he said, not at first realizing the girl's mistake in regard to himself.

"Yes," she replied, in a voice that was singularly sweet. "And she died so unhappy, poor mamma, not knowing what would become of me. But it will be all right now that you have come," and she lifted her beautiful innocent eyes trustingly to his face.

"My child," Horace Dungard said, gently, "I am not your cousin. He was killed in a railway accident while on his way here."

Her eyes dilated, her lips parted, a look of utter dismay was written upon her lovely face.

"My cousin dead!" she murmured. "What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do? I am friendless and penniless."

"Miss Caspard," said Horace, quickly, "Charles Edmondson was my friend and partner. Will you allow me to do for you all that he would have done? Will you trust your future in my care?"

She looked up into his face and a faint smile broke over her lips. She held out both hands to him, and, as he eagerly took them in his, she said:

"How kind, how good you are."

"And you consent?"

"Only too gladly," was the reply, and Horace Dungard thrilled with a feeling of elation he had never known before.

Upon the following evening Mary and Winston Dangard were in the drawing room awaiting the coming of Horace and Gratia Caspard. Horace had wired his sister that he would return the next evening bringing Gratia Caspard with him.

"I am afraid Horace won't be pleased to find Herbert Edmondson here," remarked Mary. "He is coming after dinner, you know, to meet his cousin and no doubt consult with Horace as to arranging for her future."

"Why should Horace object to Edmondson's presence?" asked Winston, who looked bored and out of humor.

"Horace dislikes him so, you know."

"He is a terrible blackguard and hardly the sort of fellow to befriend poor relations," declared Winston.

"Ah, there they are now," exclaimed Mary, as there was the sound of the carriage driving up to the door.

A few minutes later Horace entered followed by Gratia.

"This is my sister, Mary, Miss Caspard," said Horace, "and my brother Winston."

"You are very welcome, my dear," said Mary, touched by the girl's sombre garb and fascinated at once by her beautiful face as her brother glanced in admiration as he shook hands with her.

After she had taken Gratia to her room, Mary sought her brother in the library and told him of Herbert Edmondson's intended visit that evening.

"I suppose he wishes to see you in regard to his cousin, Miss Caspard," she added, as Horace frowned.

"That is quite unnecessary," the millionaire said, quickly. "Herbert Edmondson need not give himself any concern in regard to Miss Caspard. Her home will be here, her future will be in my care. You must understand," he added, with some impatience, as Mary looked surprised and bewildered, "that a man like Herbert Edmondson is no fit guardian for a young, innocent and beautiful girl like Gratia Caspard. I shall myself carry out Charles Edmondson's intentions in regard to her."

"It will seem odd to have a beautiful young girl in the house," said Mary.

"Yes, it will seem odd at first," Horace acquiesced. He turned to his desk, as he spoke, and Mary did not see the strange lighting of his cold, stern face. She would have wondered had she done so.

They were all assembled in the drawing room later when Herbert Edmondson, a tall, slim man, with a good-looking, dissipated face, entered.

"This is your cousin, Miss Caspard," Horace Dungard said rather curtly, and he watched with a darkening brow the look of passionate admiration that lighted Edmondson's eyes.

"What an exquisite creature!" the latter was thinking, as he shook hands with Gratia and spoke some conventional words of greeting. "If I had had any idea that she was so lovely I would have asserted my right of relationship and gone for her myself."

Herbert Edmondson left the Dungards' that night infatuated with the unusual beauty of the girl whom he had been rather inclined to regard as a something of a nuisance. And that infatuation was destined to ripen into a mad passion which would prove one of the most potent links in the chain Fate was weaving.

CHAPTER VII.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Winston had installed his bride in a little cottage in the suburbs of New York. It was a charming little place in summer with a tiny garden in which vast quantities of flowers blooming in the yard. Nesta, whose taste was excellent and thoroughly feminine, had chosen the draperies and furniture, an occupation she had found delightful. Winston received a handsome allowance from his brother, so there was no necessity for exercising economy. Nesta had carte blanche and in consequence of which the cottage was an exceedingly dainty and charming abode.

On the day following Horace Dungard's return Nesta was waiting for her husband at the gate of the cottage. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes lighted [illegible] as she saw him coming, and, as they walked up the graveled path to the porch, she said:

"Oh, Winston, it seems an age since you left me."

"And it has been but two days," he answered, with an attempt at lightness that was not very successful.

"But that is a very long time to be separated," Nesta said, plaintively.

They had passed into the house by this time and Winston drew his wife in his arms with a look of pain on his face.

"My darling," he said, "I fear that I shall not be able to spend so very much of my time with you, without I could account in some way for my frequent absence. This is to me bitterly hard, but I can think of no remedy."

She hid her face against his breast for a moment, and, when she looked up, she was smiling.

"Do not worry about it, dear," she said. "As you say, it cannot be helped. Now, let us forget it. We are happy."

"By the way, Nesta," Winston said, as they passed into the small parlor and sat down, "yesterday I met Dick Dunting and he was on his way to pay us a visit."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a startled look. "What will you do, Winston?"

"There is no necessity for doing anything," he reassured her. "The entire family leave for Europe tomorrow to be absent some time."

She gave a sigh of relief.

"I am so glad. Oh, Winston, I shall never forget Clara Dunting's face that morning in the summer house. I am convinced that she will not hesitate to do us an injury if it is ever in her power."

"I am afraid that you are right about that," Winston replied, gravely. "I hope, however, that it will never be in her power to injure us. But don't let us talk about her. The mere thought of her is repugnant to me. The exhibition she gave that morning in the summer house was unwomanly, disgusting. I trust I shall never be so unfortunate as to come in contact with her again. But I am very much attached to Dick. I would not like to have to give him up. I told him you were in the country and he looked so disappointed. I was almost tempted to bring him out here."

"I am glad that you did not," said Nesta. "It is best that he should not know."

Winston then changed the subject telling her of his brother's return with Gratia Caspard and of Herbert's intentions in regard to the girl. "I cannot understand Horace's taking such an interest in the girl," Winston went on. "There is no reason why he should. Herbert Edmondson is rich and it is plainly his place to provide for her."

"You say she is very beautiful?" queried Nesta.

"Yes, wonderfully lovely."

"Perhaps that accounts for your brother's interest in her."

Winston laughed.

"You don't know Horace, he's not that kind of a man at all. I never knew him to be attracted by any woman."

"It is not too late," suggested Nesta. "And I have always heard it said that the attack is all the more severe when it comes at your brother's age for the first time."

But Winston only laughed again incredulously. Later he was destined to remember what Nesta had said.

This highly dramatic story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the reader with some very startling episodes and situations. Its perusal to the end will highly reward you. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly advised to send in the price of subscription at once. If you do so, we will be glad to send you free one of our Stereoscopes or any six patterns you may select from our pattern page. Look at our advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

A LYRIC.

Oh, once I could not understand
The sob within the throat of spring—
The shrilling of the frogs, nor why
The birds so passionately sing.

That was before your beauty came
And stooped to teach my soul desire.
And on these mortal lips you laid
The magic and immortal fire.

I wondered why the sea should seem
So gray, so lonely, so cold.
The sigh of level-driving snows
In winter so forlornly cold.

I wondered what it was could give
The scarlet autumn pomps their pride
And paint with colors not of earth
The glory of the mountainside.

I could not tell why youth should dream
And worship at the evening star,
And yet must go with eager feet
Where danger and where splendor are.

I could not guess why men at times,
Beholding beauty, should go mad
With joy or sorrow or despair
Or some unknown delight they had.

I wondered what they could receive
From flame's inexorable hand
So full of loveliness and doom,
But now, ah, now I understand.

—Atlantic Monthly.

A NEW VIEW OF BUNKER HILL.

BY MAX ADELER.

A month or two ago Colonel Banks engaged a young fellow named Scudder as subeditor of the Morning Argus. On the day before the anniversary of Bunker Hill, Bangs asked Scudder if he was familiar with the history of that battle, and Scudder said he was. So Bangs said Scudder would like him to write up a little sketch of it for the anniversary-day, and Scudder said he would try. The next morning the sketch appeared in the Argus, and attracted a good deal of attention. When Bangs saw it he called Scudder in and said:

"Mr. Scudder, didn't you tell me you thought you were familiar with the battle of Bunker Hill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, if that is the case, I will be obliged to you if you will mention to me what you mean when you say:

"'By four o'clock the Confederate troops were ready to make the attack. General Washington had the catapults put in line to await their coming, and, when Napoleon saw them, he drew his sword, and exclaimed: Soldiers! Twenty centuries look down upon you.'

"Now, Mr. Scudder, if you had possessed the most ordinary acquaintance with that conflict, you would have been aware that Napoleon was not present, and that the idea of George Washington fighting the Confederate army with catapults is calculated to excite the derision of educated persons. And I am going to direct your attention, Mr. Scudder, to another historical inaccuracy. At the bottom of the second column there you say:

"'No sooner were the battering-rams leveled against the walls of the castle than the British and Washington sent word to his mother by General Butler that he would either win or be brought home upon his shield. Then ordering his men to fire at the whites of his enemy's eyes, he awaited the onset with that majestic calmness which ever distinguished the hero of Buena Vista.'

"Now, I don't want to hurt your feelings, Mr. Scudder; but really, for a journalist, this kind of thing won't do. You certainly must realize that the battle of Bunker Hill was not fought in a castle with battering-rams; and at any rate, when you allude to the Duke of Wellington communing with General Butler, and connect him with Buena Vista, there is actually no hope of your molding public opinion on those topics. The public mind is made up. And then a little farther on, in the next column, you say:

"'This was the very crisis of the battle. Joan of Arc, spying General Jackson behind the cotton-bales, dashed at him upon her snow-white charger, swinging her ponderous battle-ax above her head; her fair hair streaming behind her in the wind. As her steed pressed forward, her hair caught in the bough of a tree, and as she hung there, Sergeant Bates shot her through the heart with a bolt from an arquebuss. Her last words were, "Don't give up the ship."'

"Now, you see, Mr. Scudder, this kind of thing sets people to talking. It hurts the paper. You've got Absalom mixed up somehow in your mind with Joan of Arc, who died about ten thousand years before General Jackson, who wasn't at Bunker Hill, and who never knew Sergeant Bates any more than Sergeant Bates knows how to fire an arquebuss. Arquebuss! Gracious Heaven! I'm afraid this officer'll be mobbed before night. The community is not excitable, but it can't stand more than a certain amount of insult. Sergeant Bates will write us a couple of thousand letters about that illusion to him, and maybe he'll come to see us. No doubt you meant well, but you've about done the business for us, especially here, where you say:

"'The duke could stand it no longer. The Mamelukes had slain all of his vanguard; General Sickles had lost a leg and retired on a pension; and the enemy's skirmishers, lodged in the top of the monument, were pouring boiling oil on those who attempted to scale it. Leaping upon his horse, he shouted, "Up guards, and at them!" and the next moment, with a flag of truce in one hand, and his sword in the other, he hurled his legions upon the Lava-beds, and crushed the savage foe to the earth, killing, among others, the well-known General Harrison, afterward President of the United States.'

"The duke! Mamelukes! Flag of truce! Lava-beds! Awful, sir, awful! The Argus is a goner! Gone up, Mr. Scudder! Slain! But how could you have scared up that idea about a man fighting with a flag of truce in his hand? And how, oh, how could you have killed a man who you admit was afterward President of the United States? No comic paper ever surpassed this. It is terrible! I think we shall have to part, Mr. Scudder. It seems to me that your career as a journalist ought to come to an end right here. I will accept your resignation."

"And if any one asks you why you left the Argus, point to this last paragraph and say that it was because the proprietor was afraid he'd murder you if he read your statement that 'At the battle of Bunker Hill the Confederates lost 80,000 and the Carthagenians only 600,' and that 'there is no spot in Virginia that the people hold more sacred than the bloody hill where the bones of Cromwell lie with Andrew Jaeger Williams, as if in life they had never fought against each other in the cause of the Constitution and cheap transportation.' Point to that language, Mr. Scudder, and your friends will understand the situation. Good morning."

Then Mr. Scudder withdrew, and he is now looking for another newspaper to ruin.

All Mixed Up.

The cigar stand in the lobby of the Shirley Hotel is nearer the door than the desk, and frequently people who have their mail at the hostelry will go to the stand to register. The other evening a man from up in the north part of the State entered the lobby and went to the cigar stand.

"What are your prices?" he asked of the girl.

"From 10 to 50 cents," she replied, thinking he meant the prices of cigars.

"Gee! is that all?" he asked. "Sounds good to me."

The girl put three boxes of cigars on the case. The man took a Havana. "Much obliged," he said. "Is it customary to 'set 'em up' to every new guest?"

The girl thought it was one of the usual little pleasantries men unload at the stand. "O, yes," she said.

"Well," said the man from the country, "where is the register?"

"Right here," said the girl, pointing to the cash register.

He thought it a good joke and laughed. "Where's the book?" he asked when he had finished laughing. "I want to put my name down."

"You don't have to register when you buy a cigar," said the girl. She didn't know just what was wrong with that man.

"But I want a room," he said.

"O," came from the girl, as she realized the mistake that had been made. "There's the desk over there. This is the cigar stand. Go there and get your room."

Then she dropped into a chair to laugh. Pretty soon the clerk came to the stand. "Say," he said to the girl, "what made you tell that man we had rooms here for from 10 to 50 cents a night? He said he wasn't cheap, and would take a quarter one. He's gone away with a bad opinion of us."

"That's not the worst of it," said the girl. "He's gone away with one of our 15-cent cigars, too."—Denver Post.

On the "Off" Night.

The moon hung low on the western sky.

"Ah," mused the young man in the shadows of the old porch, "it is not my regular night for calling on Evangeline, but I'll just surprise her. I know she is in the hammock because I just heard her cough. I'll just creep up and hug her and kiss her in the dark."

He tiptoed in the direction of the hammock. It was as dark as Egypt. Suddenly he extended his arms, embraced and kissed the form in front of him. But instead of the soft, fair cheek of Evangeline it was a coarse cheek of bristles.

"Robbers!" shouted a basso voice, intermingled with feminine screams; "House-breakers!" "Porch climbers!"

Far down the road a breathless young man halted to rest.

"Great Jupiter!" he gasped. "Instead of kissing Evangeline I must have kissed the other fellow."

LOVE AND VILLAINY.

A STORY OF THE RANCH LANDS. BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

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CHAPTER VII.
IN THE STORM.

There was excitement at the ranch and great hurry to and fro. The word quickly went around that Miss Clyde was lost, and everybody gathered ready to do all things possible for her recovery. Abe was lost, too, but no one gave that fact a second thought in the presence of that which seemed of so much more moment.

Horses were saddled and search parties organized, and within a few minutes men were galloping about over the plains, peering eagerly into the darkness, and now and then sending out a loud hello and then waiting breathlessly for an answer.

All the men at the ranch, except Anderson, were out, and he would have gone, only some one had to remain with Mrs. Anderson. He stood outside and waited and listened, hoping every moment to hear the report of a gun to announce that Miss Clyde had been found.

But the minutes drifted by, and an hour passed, and from out in the darkness on the plains there came no sound, save, first from one side then another, the lonesome hallo of the searchers.

The cloud in the west was rolling and tumbling, and the lightning was flashing incessantly, and the thunders roared deep and heavy. It was a bad night for any one, and especially a woman, to be lost on the plains, but no one dared to hope that that was the worst.

Mrs Anderson voiced her husband's thoughts, and the thoughts of them all when she said:

"If Alice was only lost it would not be so terrible, but it is worse than that. She has met with an accident, and she is either hurt or dead."

"We must hope for the best," Anderson replied, but his wife knew what he thought.

Presently the darkness thickened until utter blackness lay over the wide prairie. Anderson stared out into the night, but could not see five feet ahead of him. He listened, but no sound came out of the darkness save the hallo of the men, which came now far, and now near, and once, from somewhere away off on the plains, the plaintive cry of a lone coyote.

Mrs. Anderson was almost hysterical. The weirdness of a stormy night on the plains was new to her, and it was enough to unstring her nerves. It has often proven enough to unstring the nerves of strong men.

Then there was the uncertainty as to the fate of Miss Clyde. That she was alone somewhere away out there in the night was sure. That she was hurt, or perhaps dead, seemed more than probable. In either case, with the wildness of her surroundings and the darkness and the storm, her situation was terrible to contemplate.

There was a thought in Anderson's mind that he did not dare to communicate to his wife. He knew more of life on the plains than he had ever told her—more than he would hint at in her presence for the world. There was a possibility in Miss Clyde's case that was worse than any hurt, worse even than death. He had been lost just so once and he knew. It was of this possibility he was thinking, and the thought made him shudder.

Out on the prairie old Dick Ballew had the same thought, and even his heart, staunch, rugged and calloused, sickened at the possibility it suggested to him. His mind was on this thought when Daniels broke a long silence by saying:

"If Miss Clyde is living she must have heard some of our calls and answered before this."

"I don't know as to that," Dick answered. "She may be alive and within a few yards of us and never hear our calls, or at least not recognize them."

Daniels thought over these words, but could not understand them. Presently he said:

"I don't see how that could be."

"Don't you?" Ballew replied. "It is very simple."

"Perhaps so, but not to me. I shall have to ask you to explain."

"Wal, it is simply this. Bein' lost and alone on the plains such a night as this is enough to set the strongest man crazy, to say nothin' of a woman."

"Great God!" Daniels cried. "I had not thought of that. But do you think such a thing possible?"

Old Dick was a little slow about answering and then he spoke slowly and with hesitation.

"I don't want to alarm you, Mr. Daniels," he said, "but I only mentioned what might happen. We must hope for the best."

"Yes, I know," Daniels cried impatiently, "but you have not answered my question. Do you think such a thing may have happened to Miss Clyde?"

Dick hesitated and would have evaded the question, but Daniels pressed him sorely and at last he was compelled to answer.

"Yes," he said, "it is possible. But——"

"Do you think it more than possible?" Daniels interrupted. "Do you think it probable?"

"Wal, it might be," Dick answered slowly. "Yes, it might be probable. But, Mr. Daniels, it's like I said, we must hope for the best."

Daniels made no reply, and old Dick was relieved that he did not push his inquiries further. Also he was surprised and disappointed.

Daniels was very quiet and undisturbed, and old Dick felt that such behavior was not the proper thing on the part of a lover under such circumstances. For the first time he began to feel a dislike for Daniels, and to entertain an idea that he was not just the sort of man he should be.

Old Dick was not romantic, and he was never extravagant in the expression of his feelings, but he had a heart large and warm and sympathetic, and he felt that if a woman he loved was lost out there he could never remain cool and collected like Daniels did. It would not be in his nature, and he thought it ought not to be in human nature.

It was not long till Daniels sunk himself several degrees lower in old Dick's estimation. The storm had broken and a wild, weird wind swept down across the praire. The rain poured down in torrents. The men could hardly hear their own voices when they called.

It looked as though further search was hopeless and utterly useless, but none of the cowboys said so, and none of them halted or hesitated for an instant. But they were made of pure stuff.

Hardly had the rain begun to fall, however, when Daniels said:

"Hadn't we as well give up the search for the night and go back to the ranch?"

With an effort old Dick suppressed an oath and his hand clenched involuntarily.

"You can go back if you like," he said, "but we pass for men."

CHAPTER VIII.
AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

After Andy's visit, and after hearing the information he had brought, Abe felt that he could not bear to sit still in idleness another hour.

"I've just got to get out of here and get to doing something," he told himself, "or I'll go raving crazy. I can't stand it. I can't live and keep my senses."

Without the least idea of where he should go, or what he should do, he took up his crutches and hobbled out of his room and down across the prairie. He had but one thought, and that was to get away from the ranch and be in motion. He did not know where he should go, nor what he should do, and he did not care.

It was when the men were all at supper that he started out, so no one saw him. He had not planned it so, but he thought it just as well. It avoided the necessity of any explanations or arguments, and he was glad of it.

His movements were slow, and at the end of an hour he had not gone over a mile. He was tired out, however, and he sat down to rest. Then had come the first peal of thunder and the first flash of lightning. He looked up and saw the cloud approaching. He stood up and watched it, then he laughed aloud. His face was calm and placid and there was a wild look of unnatural joy in his eyes.

"Come on," he cried, addressing the cloud. "Blow your winds and pour down your rain. The more the better. You can not go too far for me. I am in a mood for excitement, and a hurricane or a flood would be welcome, or even both would suit me all the better."

He hobbled on, and, just as the storm broke, reached the foot of a small bank at the side of a dry water course. His strength failed him again, and once more he was compelled to stop and rest.

The rain was pouring, but he sat there in it, drenched to the skin, and minding it not. The fact that, even in man's heart and spirit are as sore as his was then a little physical discomfort is not a thing to notice.

He had been sitting there ten minutes, perhaps, when above the roar of the storm there rose a cry, faint, piteous and despairing. He held up his head and listened intently, but the cry was not repeated.

He waited a little while, then he called aloud, and again listened breathlessly. A minute passed, and again came the cry. He noted the direction and stumbled out toward it. In the intense darkness he could scarcely see his hand a foot from his eyes, but he called again and again, and always the voice answered him, and by this means he was able to guide his course.

At last, out in the middle of the dry water course he stumbled on a prostrate human form. He bent down and felt over it and found it was a woman. He spoke to her, but received no answer. He found her head and tried to peer into her face, but the darkness was too intense for him to see. He wondered who she was and how she came to be there.

Then there came a vivid flash of lightning and her face stood out plain for an instant. With a sharp cry of pain he started back and for an instant his heart stood still.

"Her!" he whispered hoarsely. "Her, and here. And perhaps——"

He shuddered at the thought that had flashed into his mind, and hastily placed his hand over her heart. The look of fear and dread left his face and he breathed again.

"She is alive," he muttered. "It is only a faint. Thank God!"

He tried to revive her in order to find out if she was badly hurt, but he could not. He was still working with her when he felt a rush of water about him. He knew at once that the river-bed was filling, and that in a few minutes it would become a raging torrent.

With difficulty he took her up under one arm, and steadying himself on his crutches, managed in some way to bear her across to the bank. He never knew how he did it, and he never believed he could have done it again.

Under the edge of the bank there was a sort of cave which was sheltered from the rain. He placed her there and began to chafe her hands and temples, and in a little while she opened her eyes and looked up at him. She could not see his face, and in a weak, startled voice she asked who he was.

"You needn't be alarmed, Miss Clyde," he answered. "I am not going to harm you, and I will not trouble you with my presence any longer than is necessary."

"You!" she cried.

"Yes, it's me," he answered. "But you must not think I am trying to force myself on you. I will go away when you say the word.

She was silent a moment, then in a dazed manner asked:

"What does it all mean? What has happened and how came we here?"

"I don't know what happened, Miss Clyde," he answered. "All I know is that I found you out there in the river-bed, unconscious, and brought you here so that you wouldn't drown. I took that liberty because it was all I could do."

"But where am I? It is night, and I thought at first I was at the ranch in bed. But I am not."

"No, you're about two miles from the ranch. You had an accident of some kind, and maybe you hurt yourself."

"No, I don't think I'm hurt," she answered slowly. "At least not much. I don't think any bones are broken, or anything like that. I must have had a bad shaking up, though."

She waited a little while, after which she added:

"I remember how it was now. My pony gave a quick side-spring and I fell off. I don't remember any more, much, only it does seem that I called for help."

"Yes, ma'am, you did," Abe answered. "I heard you, and that is how I happened to find you."

"It was very kind of you to save me, and I am certainly grateful," she said awkwardly.

"It is not worth mentioning, ma'am," Abe replied.

That "ma'am," and the way he said it, froze her spirits and checked any friendly feeling she may have had.

They both lapsed into silence, and the minutes dragged heavily by. It was an awkward situation for them, and more especially for her. They were miserable and heavy-hearted, and neither of them felt that there would ever be another ray of joy in all the world.

And yet one word of explanation would have made them the happiest people on earth.

CHAPTER IX.
FALSE PRIDE.

After a long time Miss Clyde began to stir, and Abe, listening closely, understood that she was trying to get to her feet. He hesitated for a little while, debating with himself as to whether he had any call to meddle with her movements, then at last, in tones such as one stranger might use in addressing another, he said:

"Miss Clyde, I rather think it would be wise for you to lie still. You have had a bad shaking up, and you need quiet. Besides, you can't get anywhere or do anything till this storm is over."

He could not see her anguish and he had no idea of what she was suffering. In the darkness she wrung her hands, while she set her teeth hard together to keep from crying out.

To him there was in the situation only the embarrassment of two people thrown together whose paths should lie far apart. To her was added the greater embarrassment of being alone in the wild night with a man, and to know that in her unconsciousness he had held her in his arms, and that she had been entirely in his power and at his mercy.

And the knowledge that it was that man made the situation all the harder to bear.

She continued her efforts to arise, and presently Abe felt constrained to address her again.

"Miss Clyde," he said in the same formal tones, "I have no right to interfere with your movements, I know, but at the same time I feel that it is my duty to beg of you to remain quiet. You can accomplish nothing by leaving your shelter, for you can not start back to the ranch until this storm is over, or until the day breaks."

"I must," she cried. "I must try to get to the ranch. I must do something. I can not stand it here."

He did not fully realize her situation, but he thought he did. He only realized that which he felt himself.

"I understand your feelings," he said presently, "and how unpleasant you find the situation. But it is not necessary for you to inconvenience yourself. I will go away. I will go far enough so that you will not feel the embarrassment of my presence, but not too far to hear you call if you should need help."

He staggered to his feet and steadied himself on his crutches. She heard his movements and knew what he was doing, and her heart smote her. Out there where he was going the rain poured in torrents and the wind blew a gale. Even an unsheltered horse in such a night would call for pity.

And yet a man was going out into it—the man who had saved her life, and whose life she had saved. The man who had once meant more to her than all the rest of the world, and who, even then, meant more than she would have acknowledged for all the wealth of earth.

She knew it was cruel to let him go, but she felt that she must. She realized that she could not go, and she felt that it would madden her to remain longer there alone with him. She felt that it was cruel and heartless, but without a word of protest she let him go.

He walked away without a word, but when he had gone a few steps he turned back to say:

"If you should need anything remember that I shall be within hearing distance, and do not hesitate to call. I shall be glad to render you any service possible, you know that is no more than common humanity demands, and only what one stranger owes to another."

"Thank you," she replied stiffly.

He hobbled away in the rain, and she listened keenly as long as she could hear him. Then with her heart full of pity she broke down and cried.

"Oh, it is so wicked, so heartless," she moaned, to treat any one like that. But I couldn't help it. I couldn't, I couldn't. He was breaking my heart. He was killing me. I couldn't bear it."

Her weeping died down to choking sobs, but her thoughts ran on.

"To be treated as a stranger by him! To be spoken to in that cold, unfeeling ways Oh, it was cruel! Cruel and bitter! It cut my heart like a knife! And yet, it was best. I would have hated him if he had done otherwise."

Presently her mind went back over the days that had passed—back to a time when she had thought herself the happiest woman in all the world.

She saw a green land with beautiful hills and valleys and deep, shady forests, so unlike the barren plains of the West. She saw a winding path leading by the side of a clear, babbling brook, where the wild roses and red clovers bloomed, and the squirrels chattered and the birds sang.

Walking slowly along the path, she saw two lovers, their movements slow, their faces alight with joy and their hearts full of the sweetness and perfect contentment that only those know who love and are loved. One of the lovers she saw was herself and the other was the man out there in the night—the man who now spoke so coldly, and who was no more than a stranger to her—not even so much.

"Ah, me!" she sighed. "Little did I dream that day that my happiness would so soon vanish, and that my life would become barren and dark, and my heart sad and sore! But so it is: and always, throughout all my days and nights until the hour of death, it must remain so."

Then again her thoughts changed, and presently there came a light of hope to her face, and her heart thrilled with joy, but it was not for long.

In that moment of happiness she had been tempted to take a step that might bring back those old days of love and joy, but the next minute pride had intervened and the temptation passed.

For one moment she was inclined to call Abe to her and ask for an explanation that might set them right and bring back their happiness. But pride said "No." If any advance toward an understanding were to be made they should come from him. She should not take the risk of receiving a rebuff which would be crueller than the things she had already suffered.

So she heeded the voice of pride, and closed her heart to the whisperings of love.

Sitting alone out in the night, Abe, too, had a vision of the past, and there also came to him the whisperings of love, and a temptation to seek an understanding and reconciliation. But there, again, pride raised her voice, and in the end had her way.

So the storm raged and the darkness continued, and two people who, with a few words, could have brought back their great happiness, listened to false pride and remained heartsore and miserable.

CHAPTER X.
A MEETING OF RIVALS.

The long night at last wore itself away, and the day dawned. The rain, too, had ceased, and the wind had died away.

Abe arose, stiff and sore, and hobbled back to the little cave where he had left Miss Clyde. She was lying on the ground with her head resting on her arm. He spoke her name, but she did not answer, nor even stir, and, bending down, he saw that she was sleeping. He started to call her again, but checked himself.

Her face was turned toward him, and he had a full view of it. He fixed his eyes on it, and for a long time stood looking at it, his heart yearning and sad, and a hopeless despair settling down over him.

Again he recalled the past, and thought of the time when that face had rested contentedly so near his own, and when those

lips and his had met in a sweet betrothal kiss. He forgot his sorrow in the contemplation of the past, and for one brief moment there was a smile on his face.

If in that moment she had been awake he would have given way to the pleadings of love and cried out for an understanding and a reconciliation, but it is often so that when we would do the right thing something intervenes to prevent, the opportunity passes and we go groping on in our misery, missing the happiness that is ours for the taking.

Presently she stirred, and he quickly stood up, his old dogged manner on him again. There had been a smile on her lips, but when she opened her eyes and saw him it quickly passed away and her face became cold and impassive.

Abe stood for a space contemplating her, and across his mind came a remembrance of Daniels and of what old Andy had told him. It was queer that he had not thought of that during all the long night, but for some reason Daniels had not occurred to him any more than if he had never existed.

Now, however, his existence was felt, and at the thought of him Abe shut his teeth firmly together and clenched his hands, and in his heart there flamed a feeling of bitter hatred, and on the head of the absent man he breathed a cruel curse.

"She is to belong to him," he thought. "Her head is to rest on his shoulder, while his arms are about her, and he alone is to have the right to place his lips to her in a kiss."

He turned away for a moment, unable to bear the sight of her with such thoughts in his mind. He tried to forget the picture he had conjured up, but he could not.

At last in the anguish and anger that possessed him he cried to himself:

"It shall never be. I'll kill them both before I'll see her go to his arms."

The next moment he was sane and rational again, and he shuddered at the thought of that which had just been in his heart. He shuddered and was ashamed, and for a long time would not meet her eyes. He felt that she must know.

Then from out on the prairie there came a loud hallo. They both heard it and understood. Miss Clyde started quickly up with a great feeling of relief in her heart, and Abe scrambled to the top of the hill, and waved his hat and sent out an answering cry. He looked all around, and directly he saw two horsemen appear on a little rise a short distance away. He waved his hat and called again, and one of them answered him.

The two men came at once toward him, and he waited where he was. As they drew nearer he saw that one of them was old Dick and the other Daniels.

When they rode up Daniels sprang from his horse and started forward, his hands outstretched and his face beaming. Abe looked around and saw Miss Clyde standing just behind, and it was toward her that Daniels was hurrying.

Abe set his teeth and waited, expecting to see her meet Daniels' advances, but to his surprise and relief she did nothing of the kind. Instead, she drew coldly back and there was a forbidding expression on her face that caused Daniels to stop while his hands fell listlessly to his sides. There followed a silence which became awkward, then old Dick said:

"The people at the ranch are powerful exercised about you, Miss Clyde, so, if you don't mind, I'll fire off a gun to let them know you're found. Then I'll fire twice more to let them know you are safe and unharmed. That was the signal we agreed on, you understand."

"Very well," she replied.

Dick fired the shots, and then for a while there was silence again. Abe stood to one side, frowning and sullen; Daniels was flushed and angry; Miss Clyde was cold and impassive, and old Dick glanced doubtfully from one to another, feeling that something should be said, but not sure that he could say the right thing.

At last, when the silence was becoming oppressive, Daniels gave way to his feelings, and in tones fraught with bitterness and spite said:

"We have spent the night looking for you, Miss Clyde, and naturally we are anxious to know what happened to you, and how it is that you were compelled to spend the night out here on the prairie alone with that fellow. Provided, of course, you don't object to telling us."

There was insult in the tone in which the last sentence was uttered. At least, Miss Clyde took it so, and her face went white and her eyes blazed. She spoke never a word, but she turned her back on Daniels and held her head high.

Abe, too, felt the sting of the words, and his wrath was stirred. With a muttered curse he clenched his fist and started toward Daniels. But when he had taken two steps he felt Dick's hand on his shoulder and saw Miss Clyde's eyes fixed on his face. He hesitated for an instant, then, under the repellant power of her eyes, he shrank back.

There was another short silence, then Miss Clyde, ignoring both of the others, spoke directly to Dick.

"Mr. Ballew," she said, "you have asked no questions, and I think I understand why. You have shown more delicacy than I had a right to expect under the circumstances. It is only proper, though, and simple justice to myself, that I should explain my presence here."

"I ask for no explanation, ma'am," Dick hastened to say. "You being here is none of my business, and however it came about I know it is right and proper."

"Thank you," she replied gratefully. "I wish all men were as slow to ascribe improper motives to people's actions. I am going to tell you, however, while we wait, just why I am here."

And she did. She told how her pony threw her, how, when she regained consciousness, she was lying in the shelter of the cave where Abe had carried her, and how she had spent the night there while he had remained outside in the rain and storm. She gave Abe due credit, in a cold way, for all he had done, and spared herself in nothing.

Daniels listened, and for one instant a spark of manliness flashed up in his bosom. He went to Abe with outstretched hand and said:

"By George, old fellow, it was good of you, and I thank you."

"For what?" Abe asked.

"For your behavior to her," Daniels answered.

Abe flushed, and for a moment it was all he could do to keep his hands off Daniels' throat. Finally he said:

"I am not aware that I did anything for you, Mr. Daniels, and consequently I am not entitled to your thanks."

"But you did it for her," Daniels said, "and in a way for me. It amounts to the same thing, you know, in the end."

"Oh, does it?"

"Sure."

"I did not know that. But still, I do not care for your thanks."

"I am sorry. At least you will let me shake your hand."

Daniels advanced another step and held his hand out. Abe looked at it an instant, then, without a word, coolly and deliberately spit on it.

Daniels started back like he had been stung. His face flushed, then went deathly pale. After a moment he hissed:

"You shall answer for that, damn you."

Coolly and quietly Abe replied:

"The answer is ready for you when, where or however you may want it."

CHAPTER XI.

MERELY WAITING.

Miss Clyde was humiliated by the conduct of the two men, and especially by that of

"You shall answer for that, damn you!"

Daniels. His advances toward Abe were uncalled for and in very bad taste. It put her in a false light, inasmuch as it assumed that whatever affected her affected him, and that their interests and welfare were one and the same. She was not sorry that he had met with the reception she felt his conduct merited him.

On the other hand, knowing all she did, she could not much blame Abe. She put herself in his place, and thus realized how exasperating he must have found Daniels' officiousness. But while she did not blame Abe's conduct she sincerely regretted it.

The people at the ranch had evidently not heard Dick's shots, and there was no answer to them, and no one came. After waiting some time Dick suggested that they had better try to get back without assistance.

"Some of us can ride and the others can walk," he said. "I hardly know how to arrange it, though, unless Miss Clyde rides Daniels' horse and Abe rides mine. Daniels and I are best able to walk."

"I can walk as easily as not," Miss Clyde answered, "and I think I should prefer it. The rest of you arrange to suit yourself about getting back, and don't mind about me."

"I can get back the way I came," Abe remarked, "so there is no call to bother about me."

Suiting his action to his words, he hobbled off across the prairie, deaf to the entreaties of Dick to come back and ride while he walked.

The upshot of it was that Daniels rode his own horse, Miss Clyde rode behind Dick on his, and Abe was left to his own preference to get back in his own way.

Dick wished to walk, but Miss Clyde refused to ride unless he did, which meant simply that she was going with him in whatever way he went, and that she emphatically refused to be separated from him.

At the ranch Miss Clyde had to explain in detail how it had all happened, but she took pains not to mention what had passed between Abe and Daniels.

Abe gave it out at once that he had nothing to say, that there was nothing to explain, and that "it wasn't nobody's business nohow."

Old Dick was not so reticent, and as he knew little else to tell, he proceeded to relate to his companions the little passage between Abe and Daniels.

There was very little out of the ordinary that happened at the ranch in those days, so any little thing of an exciting nature was liable to be made very much of. It proved so regarding this incident. The cowboys discussed it pro and con, and in the end old Andy voiced the sentiment of every man of them by saying:

"If Daniels wasn't a coward he'd have killed Abe right then and there, or been killed trying it. I'd like to see the man who spit on my hand and not get his hide riddled so full of holes it would not hold shucks. Either me or him would be fit to bury, and just about as soon as they could get a grave ready."

"I never did have much admiration for Daniels," Shorty Brown added, "and now I ain't got any. He's a coward, that's all. And how Miss Clyde can respect him, much less marry him, is something I can't understand."

"Wal, when it comes to that," old Dick observed, "it's my honest opinion that she don't respect him very much, and if she ever marries him she will have to make a right smart change in her way of actin' toward him."

"Why, do you think they're not goin' to marry?" Sam Woods asked.

I wouldn't want to bet no money on it," Dick answered.

"Humph! I thought that was all settled."

"Wal, mebby it is. All I know is what I see."

Abe was more taciturn after his return to the ranch than he had ever been before. He held aloof from everybody, and the most of his time he moped alone in his room.

He would have gone away from the ranch for good but for one thing. Daniels had threatened him, and he would not leave while Daniels was there or while that threat was over him. To leave as matters stood would seem cowardly, and he was no coward.

Then he was more than anxious to give Daniels the answer he desired. Nothing could suit him better. He only hoped that there would be no delay in demanding it, and that in the end the answer would be to the death.

So he moped and waited, his heart sore and his blood hot, and days came and run their course, and passed on, and still he waited.

He saw Daniels every day, but he felt that it was not his place to make any advances of a hostile nature. Daniels was the one who had an insult to avenge, and it was he who had made a threat, so all Abe could do was to wait, but waiting was galling to him.

"I wish," he told himself, "that Daniels had given me something to avenge, for then there would be no waiting. This matter would come to a head, and it would be mighty quick about it. If he would only do something to give me half an excuse I'd soon end this fooling and bring this business to a close."

Daniels went on his way, passing and repassing Abe, with never a move and never a word, and at last the cowboys decided that he had dropped the matter, and that there would never be anything more to it.

"He's afraid, that's all there is to it," old Dick observed, "and there won't be any trouble between him and Abe if it is left to him to start it."

"I guess you're right," Andy agreed. "But if I was in Daniels' place I'd shure do one or the other of two things."

"For instance?"

"Why, I'd either resent that insult to the bitter end, or I'd pack up and leave the ranch."

"To be sure. But Daniels don't seem to be built that way."

"No, he ain't. More's the shame."

"He'll stay on here, blind to the shame of being a blamed coward, and he'll never lift a finger to revenge himself on Abe."

"Exactly, and it makes me feel like booting him off the range myself."

It transpired, however, that Dick and Andy were wrong, in part. Daniels was a coward, but he had not lightly passed over the insult. He was merely waiting for an opportunity, and at last it came.

This strong story will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. Now is a good time to subscribe for the Ledger. Great stories of romance and mystery, of adventures and fascinating detective work, of the exploits of boys and girls, together with poetry and humor are steadily appearing in these pages. You should take the Ledger regularly. If you have not yet subscribed or your subscription has expired, send in your order for the paper at once. Boys who would like our splendid stereoscopes and ladies who desire the latest patterns are requested to note that we are giving these fine premiums absolutely free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

WHAT'S THE USE?

To Pour in Coffee When It Acts as a Vicious Enemy.

Fasters have gone without food for many days at a time but no one can go without sleep. "For a long time I have not been sleeping well often lying awake for two or three hours during the night, but now I sleep sound every night and wake up refreshed and vigorous," says a Calif. woman.

"Do you know why? It's because I used to drink coffee, but I finally cut it out and began using Postum. Twice since then I have drank coffee and both times I passed a sleepless night, and so I am doubly convinced coffee caused the trouble and Postum removed it.

"My brother was in the habit of drinking coffee three times a day. He was troubled with sour stomach, and I would often notice him getting soda from the can to relieve the distress in his stomach; lately hardly a day passed without a dose of soda for relief.

"Finally he tried a cup of Postum and liked it so well he gave up coffee and since then has been drinking Postum in its place and says he has not once been troubled with sour stomach."

Even after this lady's experience with coffee her brother did not suspect for a time that coffee was causing his sour stomach, but easily proved it.

Coffee is not suspected in thousands of cases just like this, but it is easily proved. A ten day's trial works wonders. "There's a Reason."

Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

A Bad American.

In looking up some mining claims in Mexico I found myself making inquiries of a native gentleman named Don Estanso. His greeting was anything but cordial, and answered my queries in a way that gave me no information. I was rather surprised at this, and a few days later expressed myself so to a friend of the don's. He couldn't see through it, but said he would find out why things were thus. In a couple of weeks he came to me and said:

"Senor, I know why Don Estanso gave you such coldness."

"Well?"

"A year ago he was in the mine business with one of your countrymen. At that time he was in love with Americans. Together they did business—much business. It was pleasant between them. They were like sisters. If one said so then the other said so. Nothing was the trouble for a long, long time."

"And then there was trouble, eh?"

"There was. My good and sincere friend Don Estanso, he saw his chance."

"Chance for what?"

"To beat that American out of thousands of dollars—many thousands. He improved that chance and did beat him."

"And is that why he is down on Americans now?"

"Ah, no. When your compatriot had been beaten he went to the courts. He said it was a swindle. He called for justice."

"And did he get it?"

"Not at all; but what did he do? Instead of leaving the case to the judge, whom my friend could have bribed for $5,000, he demanded a jury, and it cost my friend four times that sum to keep what he had swindled. It was very bad policy—very bad. It gives my countrymen the idea that you will not give us what you call a square deal."

If a young man sows wild oats mixed with old rye he is reasonably sure to raise a disturbance.

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If a man's acquaintances are unable to discover that he is in love he isn't.

Woman's sphere isn't as large as it used to be before the hoopskirt went out.

If a criminal has money it's easy to convince his lawyer that he is innocent.

If Jonah had been after inside information he certainly would have got it.

A young widow has a peculiar way of seeing a man without looking at him.

There is nothing better than a good woman, and nothing worse than a bad one.

Some men would rather lose a dollar on a horse race than win it at honest labor.

If a man doesn't marry his first love he's apt to regret it—likewise also if he does.

One way to sidetrack popularity is to insist on having your own way at all times.

Many a man would never amount to anything if he didn't have a wife to push him.

Even the man who makes nothing but mistakes is in the manufacturing business.

A year from now the public is likely to hear a noise like a presidential campaign.

One shouldn't get discouraged because one is unable to answer a child's questions. There are others.

Walter Wellman wants it understood that the North Pole may receive visitors now at almost any moment.

Pettibone is interested in the verdict and hopes that Attorney Darrow will be able to do as much for him.

There seems to be a yellow streak in human nature that makes it always want to shift the responsibility.

If a man tries to do business without advertising or winks at a girl in the dark, the result is much the same.

Generally a woman likes to brag about the numerous good traits of her husband just as if he really had them.

Only a man whose foolishness exceeds his bravery would even attempt to stop the runaway tongue of a woman.

Friendship may have the true ring, but it isn't the kind of ring that is calculated to satisfy the girl who is in love.

It's easy to predict weather in advance, but when it comes to making it stay predicted—well, that's another story.

You may have noticed that one girl no sooner breaks a man's heart than another comes along and bandages it up.

After celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of her birth, the average woman's chief aim in life is to not look her age.

THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER;

Or, THE MARKED COIN. By ANNIE BROWNLEE.

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CHAPTER XV.
AN INDIAN LEGEND.

When beautiful Mildred Blake opened her eyes and looked about her, the first object that met her gaze was the white-haired father who knelt by her side.

Recognizing his companions, she gave them a bright smile of welcome, and a friendly handclasp, but her heart was too full for words.

From the shore of the island opposite a bright fire burned, clear and sparkling, and cast a ruddy glow far out on the water. Several dark figures could be seen grouped about it. In answer to Mildred's look of surprise the old hunter said:

"It's only Red Fox and his braves. We could not induce them to come to the island. They believe evil spirits lurk here."

"Dear old Red Fox!" said the happy girl. "He has proven himself a staunch friend."

"Red Fox will always be the White Lily's friend," he said in comical imitation of the Indian chief.

Mildred smiled. "The White Lily is fortunate in having other friends as well," she said, casting a look of gratitude from the old hunter to the brawny Dave.

The old man became inspired with a spirit of chivalry. Removing his slouch hat, he said:

"To know Miss Millie is to love her and always be her friend." He replaced his hat with the grace and ease of a young courtier.

"Wal, I reckon you're about right comrade. The wildest men in the district will swear by Miss Millie, and you can depend upon it, too," said the man of the canthook.

Mildred turned her blushing face from her father to Doctor Hamilton, then to the big generous-hearted fellows before her. eyes grew dim with unshed tears as she comprehended the full meaning of the words.

"I didn't know," she faltered. "I have done nothing to merit such devotion and esteem." Her chin quivered pitifully and she was perilously near a nervous collapse.

Doctor Hamilton came to her rescue. He saw that the nervous tension was terrible, and feared another breakdown.

"Let's have some supper, friends. We must then go to the opposite shore, and tell your friends there the good news. We may be able to persuade them to share our comfortable quarters," he said, a merry twinkle in his dark, honest eyes.

They sat down to a good supper of cold ham, biscuits, cheese, pickles, fish and fruit. The newcomers marveled at the good fortune of their friends, and readily agreed with the beautiful Mildred that those things had been left by a special providence for their use on the island.

Mildred packed a good-sized hamper of the good things left from their evening meal, and sent it with her friendship to the Indians camped on the opposite shore. She knew enough of their superstitious fear of the Manitou to know they could not be induced to spend the night with their friends on the island.

When Doctor Hamilton and the other two had left for the opposite island, Mildred and her father drew closer together. They had so much to talk about, so many heart-breaking questions to be asked and answered. Each opened his heart to the other. What was said during that first half-hour alone, we will not say. There are some things too sacred to be laid bare to the world, and this is one of them. The reader will imagine, however, that much of the time was spent in loving remembrance of the dear departed mother, she who had been their light in the dark hours of life, who had inspired them with patience and nobleness, whose sweet, patient face had always a smile and never a frown.

As Doctor Hamilton returned from the island the gray-haired father watched him keenly, and had it in his heart to hate him for having stolen his beautiful child's heart. The father had often thought, in a vague, uncertain way, of the day when his beautiful Mildred's heart would be shared with another. Nevertheless, the knowledge did not tend to lessen the bitterness of the thought that his darling's affections were not wholly his own.

As they gathered about the table the old hunter told them many queer stories about the island they were camped on. Being familiar with many quaint Indian legends, and being in a mood for reminiscence, he willingly whiled away an hour.

"Can you tell us the real reason why the Indians avoid this island?" Mildred asked, remembering with a smile how the Indians had made off a few evenings previous, at sight of their flag on the rock.

"Wal, I think I can tell you as nearly the truth as any white man living. You know the Indians don't like to speak of the Manitou, to the whites. They know we laugh at their superstitious fears, and they can't stand that." He paused for a moment and looked out through the uncurtained window where the moon shone clear and brilliant. "I once hunted a whole season here on the Nipissing with an Indian," he resumed, "and once only could I get him to speak of the Manitou. He said that before the white settlers came to the country, when his father was only a boy, he was camped with a party of Indians on this island. Being short of meat they caught two big fish and put them in a kettle to boil. While the Indians were grouped about the campfire waiting for supper, the two fish arose from the kettle. One in the form of a man, walked back into the lake, while the other, part man, part beast, with a hideous head and eyes of fire, took up over the rocks and into the thick woods beyond, where they still believe it lurks. The Indians fled in terror from the island, and since that day it has been known as the Manitou, which means an evil spirit.

"During the time the island was occupied by the workmen taking out the stone, a panic arose among the Indians again concerning the Manitou. It appears the that a couple of Indians were passing between the islands while the men were blasting in the quarry. The deafening report and the flying rocks filled them with a nameless terror. Hastening to their village, they told with pale faces and bated breath how the Manitou had spoken with a mighty voice and sent the rocks hundreds of feet in the air. For many days no Indian was seen in the locality. Gradually, however, they grew bolder, and finally camped on the island opposite for several days. There they listened, trembling and awe-stricken, to the mighty voice of the Manitou. The old men love to tell, even yet, how the Manitou spoke with an awful voice, 'That, Miss Millie, is, I believe the real cause why no Indian cares to land on the Manitou." The old hunter took his pipe from his mouth, knocked the ashes out against the end of a bench, and yawned sleepily.

CHAPTER XVI.
HOMEWARD BOUND.

The following morning the occupants of the house on the island were astir with the robins, yet early as they were, the party on the opposite shore was earlier. The first gleams of the rising sun found them gathered about their campfires, tugging peacefully at their clay pipes, while anxiously watching the opposite shore.

Breakfast over in the house on the island, the old hunter and Dave set to work to prepare the boat for an early departure. They hoped to reach the cabin by the river by sundown.

Mildred and the doctor filled a small box from their store of good things, which had been so strangely provided for them. The burly tender-hearted Dave carried the box and placed it safely in the boat for their use during the day, then sat, his feet dangling at the water's edge, waiting the arrival of the others.

As the beautiful girl walked to the shore accompanied by her father and Doctor Hamilton, she paused and looked back. The island never looked to her so beautiful as it did then, with the first rays of the sun gilding the treetops a beautiful gold. A sigh, half sad, escaped her.

"What is it, darling?" the young man asked tenderly.

"I was just wondering whether I would ever see the dear old island again. It's been very kind to us in our hour of need." Her eyes wandered wistfully over the beautiful island, from the height of land to the long grassy slope they were descending.

"I trust you will spend many happy days here yet. I hope to return here sometime. It's an ideal spot to spend the summer." He pressed one little hand reassuringly. Mr. Blake had walked slowly on. He instinctively understood that the lovers wished to take leave of the friendly island alone.

Mildred blushed prettily. "The dear old island! It has treated us royally; to me it shall always be as an old friend."

As they reached the shore where the canoe lay, the others had taken their places, and only awaited for them to step in. Mildred sat with her face to the island, and watched it till its friendly shores receded from sight.

As the party pushed off from the Manitou, the Indians on the opposite shore followed closely. They steered direct for the mouth of the river. When the sun was about midway in the heavens, they halted on a small island to prepare their noonday meal. Red Fox and his braves landed beside them.

Red Fox, solemn and dignified, advanced to where the little party, holding out one grimy hand to the lovely Mildred.

"Red Fox's heart is glad," he said, his heavy face lighting up with a radiant smile. "The White Lily has returned to her father. They will go to the lodge by the Sleeping Water and Red Fox and his mighty people will be their friends. The wolf trader will come no more. The White Lily and her friend Pansy Blossom, who dwells by the Singing Water in the village of the Dokis, are avenged." He touched significantly the bloody, gruesome object that hung at his belt.

Mildred shuddered at sight of the horrible thing, but quickly recovering herself she said:

"The White Lily's heart is glad once more. Red Fox and his powerful braves have been her good friends and her heart is filled with their kindness. Their friendship is like the honey of the bees, and the White Lily's heart will be sorrowful no more. When the White Lily and her father dwell in the lodge by the Sleeping Water, they will think of their friends, and their hearts will be glad."

The Indian's heavy face relaxed into a broad smile of approval as he listened to the girl's words.

"Ugh!" he said, with the characteristic Indian shrug. "Red Fox mighty chief and always the friend of the White Lily and his pale-faced brother." With the last words he cast his dark eyes on the ground, and was about to stride off, when Doctor Hamilton detained him.

"Has Red Fox no friendship left for an old friend?" he asked, his eyes twinkling merrily, as he held out his hand to the old chief.

"Ugh, Red Fox heap friendship. Red Fox think much of his brother that makes the good medicine. His brother is wise in the wisdom that comes from far away. But a squaw is wiser in the woods and on the Great Water." He smiled knowingly and gave the doctor a friendly tap on the shoulder.

The young man laughed heartily, his friends joining in while the wily old chief grinned broadly.

"Red Fox will think only of the good medicine," the doctor said with a smile. Slipping a gold ring, set with a solitary stone which sparkled and scintillated in the clear sunlight, from off his finger, he handed it to the friendly old Indian. "When Red Fox looks at that, he will think of his brother who makes the good medicine, and will forget that a squaw is wiser than he."

"Ugh, Red Fox will remember that his brother makes good medicine," he said, his dusky face aglow as he examined the pretty bauble with wonder and delight.

The braves and the old hunter gathered a pile of dry sticks and soon had a roaring fire. The tea pails were swung from crotched sticks and sang merrily over the fire. Mildred, in the picturesque costume that had been given her by Pansy Blossom, walked along the shore gathering the peculiar little shells that had been washed up by the waves.

Mr. Blake and Doctor Hamilton sat on an old log a little apart from the others, and were talking earnestly. Mildred instinctively knew they were speaking of her, and wondered what they were saying.

"Do you know" the old man said, looking at the young physician, "I can almost find it in my heart to hate you?" His voice was even more bitter than his words.

The young man looked keenly at his companion. "I hope you are not serious, Mr. Blake. I trust I have done nothing to merit your displeasure."

"Yes, you have," the old man broke in peevishly. "You have stolen my child's heart from me. Had you never come to these parts she would still be my own little girl." The father's voice had the bitterness of death in it, and Doctor Hamilton pitied him exceedingly.

"But, Mr. Blake, you will forgive me when I tell you that I love your daughter, and I believe I can safely say that she loves me."

"Oh, yes, you may safely say it!" was the curt reply. "Her whole heart is given to you, and the lonely, gray-haired old father must be satisfied with the few crumbs of love that are left for him." He bowed his head in his hands and moaned audibly.

For a moment the young man was at a loss what to say. He understood the feelings of the lonely old man and his heart ached for him. It is not easy for old age to see the affections of the last loved one given to another.

"I hope, Mr. Blake, that you will do me the justice to believe I have no intention of separating your daughter and you. I had hoped if I was fortunate enough to have the honor of winning your daughter's hand, that you would accompany her to my home in Boston. I can assure you you would be a welcome guest."

"To Boston!" the father cried, his eyes dilating with horror. "Would you have me enter the lion's den?"

Doctor Hamilton fell back, his face a dull red. "I don't understand Mr. Blake, perhaps you will be kind enough to explain," he said haughtily.

"Forgive me!" he cried in deep agitation. "I see you have misinterpreted my words. I refer to a cruel experience I once had in Boston. Neither Mildred nor I can ever live in Boston." There was decision in his voice and in every lineament of his aged face, that was quite foreign there.

"But, Mr. Blake, you would not wreck your daughter's happiness for a mere whim?" the young man asked in perplexed amazement.

"No, I will not, and for that reason she will never with my consent, enter that accursed city." He rose from the log on which he had been sitting, and walked abruptly away, his aged face quivering with emotion.

Doctor Hamilton, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, sauntered slowly down the shore to where Mildred was looking for shells. She looked up with a smile as he advanced, then nothing his gloomy expression, she grew grave at once.

"What is it?" she asked, letting the shells fall to the beach.

"Can you tell me, dear, why your father is so opposed to Boston? He has just told me that neither you nor he will ever enter that accursed city, as he calls it. Why is it?"

The lovely cheek paled perceptibly, but she remained silent, her eyes on the distant waters, evidently in deep thought.

"Ah, I remember now!" she said, a light springing to her dark eyes. "I was just wondering where I had heard that name before. Is your home in Boston?" she asked with a new interest.

"Yes, darling, I must have forgotten to

tell you that before," he answered, bending eyes full of love and tenderness on his beautiful companion.

"How strange!" she said in a half whisper.

"Why strange? There are thousands of people in Boston," he said, with just the faintest suspicion of a smile playing about his lips.

"Yes, I know," she said in a sweet, sad voice. "But I once read on the fly leaf of my mother's Bible, which had been presented her by a very dear friend, her name and address. She was then living in Boston."

"Would you mind telling me the name you read there?" He never could tell what prompted him to ask the question.

"If I remember right," she said, no suspicion of the awful secret she was about to reveal, crossing her mind, "it read: 'Presented to Miss Mildred Cadell, of Boston, by her friend George L. Golden, on the anniversary of her eighteenth birthday, 1869.'"

Doctor Hamilton uttered an exclamation of surprise. "What did you say your mother's name were?" he asked hastily.

"Mildred Cadell," she said, surprised at the interest he evinced in the matter.

"And her friend?" he queried.

"George L. Golden. But why do you ask?"

"Because I have heard my stepmother mention those names. Mildred Cadell and she were inseparable friends, and for George Golden she has a warm spot in her heart."

The beautiful girl clapped her hands in ecstacy. "How delightful! I must tell papa at once."

"That's the very thing you must not do," he said. "Mr. Blake is prejudiced against Boston, and I fear against many of the people who dwell there."

"Ah, I remember!" she said gravely. "I thought it strange that papa should remove the leaf from mother's Bible and forbid me to question him concerning it. It must be as you say, that he is prejudiced against the place, and perhaps against the people." Her sweet face, full of perplexity, was turned to him.

"You see then, darling, it would not be wise to speak of this. Promise me you will say nothing about it. I have a plan, by means of which I hope to gain your father's consent to our marriage, and I believe I can remove the shadow which has darkened your father's life."

His voice had in it such infinite tenderness that the tears welled up in the lovely dark eyes. The desired promise was readily given, and the two lovers walked slowly back to the group gathered about the fire.

Mr. Blake glanced darkly at Doctor Hamilton as he and Mildred joined the group. He wondered at the bright, expectant look on his dark handsome face, and was touched in spite of himself by the depths of love and tenderness that were mirrored in his clear, honest eyes as they rested upon his beautiful child.

CHAPTER XVII.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

Having rested and refreshed themselves, the party again proceeded homeward. After five hours' steady paddling in the hot sun, without a breeze or a ripple on the glassy surface of the lake, they sighted the village of the Ojibways on the shore to the right of them.

As the little party passed by the village, Red Fox and his braves bade them farewell. There was much hand shaking and many promises of friendship in the future.

Mr. Blake thanked them in a long flowery speech for their services in finding his daughter. He made flattering remarks about the might and power of the Ojibways and their great chief Red Fox, who had the heart of a lion and the gentleness of a squaw. He said his heart was glad in the friendship of his brothers, and he hoped they would visit him in his lodge by the Sleeping Water.

Mr. Blake knew how to deal with those strange men of the woods. He never laughed at their strange customs or peculiar forms of speech, and when in their company treated them with a great amount of respect and consideration. Knowing their exalted ideas of their own importance, he never sought to lower their self-esteem. Wisely deciding that the Indian character would improve by seeing themselves as the white man sees them, he commended their bravery and industrious habits, and occasionally administered a careful dose of flattery. The inevitable result was that every man, woman, and child of the Ojibways would lay down his life for their white brother, as he was universally known among them.

When Red Fox bade the doctor good-by, his dark, heavy face relaxed into a cunning smile. Pointing to the ring on his finger he said:

"When the great chief Red Fox looks at his brother's present, he will think heaps of the good medicine, but forget that his brother got lost with the White Lily, on the Great Water."

The look of comical dismay on the doctor's face set them all laughing. Even Red Fox seemed suddenly seized with an unusual fit of merriment.

"But Red Fox forgets," the doctor said with a very red face. "We were not lost; our canoe filled with water, and we had to abandon it and swim ashore."

"Red Fox, chief of the Ojibways will remember," he said, with a most provoking smile. "I have spoken. My brother, farewell!"

It was evident that the old chief discredited the story of the canoe, and treated it as a hoax.

The party proceeded slowly up the river, for they were weary and tired with their long hours of steady paddling. They had only a couple of miles to go before they would reach the cabin on the shore. As they neared the cabin a solemn stillness settled over the little party. Mildred was wondering what home would be like without the dear, patient little mother, whose pale, sweet face had always welcomed her with a smile.

Even the old hunter and Dave seemed touched by the solemn home-coming.

At last the canoe slowly rounded the bend in the river, and the little cabin came in sight. The door was closed, the curtains drawn, and a look of loneliness and desertion had settled over the little home. With a moan, Mildred turned her face away, and a few quiet tears stole down her cheek. Mr. Blake and Doctor Hamilton looked into each other's eyes for perhaps half a minute, and each had a better opinion of the other afterward. The old hunter appeared to be experiencing a great deal of unnecessary trouble in the management of the canoe, while Dave's nose was behaving badly, and required considerable attention.

Twilight was deepening into darkness as the canoe came to a stop before the little landing place in front of the cabin.

"You shall spend the night with us, friends," Mr. Blake said, addressing the other occupants of the canoe. "You are tired and weary and have come far today. Rest with us till morning."

The tired men gladly accepted the invitation to spend the night at the cabin. The boat was secured to the mooring and Mr. Blake, Mildred, and the doctor, walked slowly up the path to the door of the lonely cabin, followed at a distance by Villnevue and Dave.

Doctor Hamilton hustled around and kindled the fire, swept up the living room, and did what he could to assist with the preparations for supper, while the old hunter brought in a fresh supply of water, then raided the hen coop in search of fresh eggs, returning in a few minutes with his hat full. While supper was in preparation, Dave was exercising his muscles in the back yard on the wood pile.

The beautiful Mildred strove for her father's sake to appear calm and natural, though in this, the first hour of her homecoming, her heart was almost breaking. Assisting in the work, she set the table with scrupulous neatness, while Doctor Hamilton watched her closely. None knew save he what an effort it cost her to appear calm.

Supper was finally over, the table cleared, and the men seated in a row, with the same pitiful calm on her young face. When all was neatness and order once more, she stole quietly out the back door.

Mr. Blake, worn out with fatigue, was seated in a chair by the window. The two faithful, honest-hearted fellows, Villnevue and Dave, were enjoying their beloved pipes on a bench outside the door and entertaining each other with early backwoods tales. Doctor Hamilton was sitting by the table, pretending to read by the light of an oil lamp, as Mildred slipped quietly out the back way. Laying down the paper, he took his cap from a nail on the wall and quietly disappeared through the front door.

Pausing on the threshold a moment as he stepped into the cool evening air. The moon was at its full and shone clear and brilliant. The peacefully gliding river wound its way like a silver thread past the little cabin, till it was lost in the deep shadows a moment and drank in the exquisite loveliness of the moonlit landscape. Suddenly the quick tramp of hoofs struck his ear. He wheeled sharply around, but it was only the wild careering of a spirited horse in the pasture lands beyond.

A little dark-clad figure could be seen crossing the pasture lot where the cow and pony grazed. The doctor walked to the fence which closed the pasture lot from the garden, and stood with arms crossed over it, watching the little dark figure ahead.

The faithful little pony saw the advancing figure, and quickly scudded, with head and ears erect. As Mildred drew nearer, and spoke its name, the pretty little creature gave a whinny of delight, and with heels flying in the air advanced to meet its mistress.

"Poor little Topsy!" she said, gently stroking its neck. The fond little creature rubbed its nose against her arm, with a look of almost human gladness in its large, trustful eyes. "You're glad to see me, pet. You've been waiting for you now, but never mind, I'll get you a lump of sugar in the morning." She threw her arms about her favorite's neck, and remained very still. The flood-gates of her heart burst open, and she wept scalding, bitter tears, but they brought with them healing and relief. Gradually the load seemed lifted from off her heart. The blessed tears had done their work; she felt better already. Ever and anon the affectionate little creature would turn and rub its cold nose against its mistress's shoulder, as though to assure her in its mute, dumb way of its sympathy.

Doctor Hamilton, with a heart filled with sympathy and compassion, watched the touching scene from his position by the fence. He thought her grief had been of sufficient duration to bring relief, he scaled the garden fence, and with a long, swinging stride crossed the pasture lot, and a moment later was by the side of the girl he loved better than life.

"There, darling," he said, unwinding her arms from about the pony's neck. "You have wept long enough." He placed one arm around her waist to support her trembling form. The pony instinctively understood that its sympathy was no longer required, and walked leisurely away in search of fresh grass.

A few more heart-felt sobs followed, but they were not of long duration. Drying her pretty tear-stained eyes, she said:

"You don't know what I have suffered since coming home. My heart felt like lead. I thought my heart would surely choke. But I feel better now."

"My own darling! I knew you were suffering. I could see it all the time."

She raised her dark eyes to his, full of surprise and sadness. "I had hoped none noticed it," she said, in her simple, childlike way.

He smiled fondly at her. "The eyes of love can see much, darling. My heart ached for you." He stooped and reverently kissed her high, white brow. She was not angry with him, and was too honest to pretend she was. In truth her lonely, troubled little heart was comforted and consoled by that kiss, and in the simplicity of her childlike innocence she did not seek to conceal the fact.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

The following morning, after a late breakfast, the strangers in the cabin by the river took their leave. Dave returned to his lodgings in the village, while Villnevue and the doctor joined their friends who were camped for the duck shooting in a little bay about a mile to the right of the outlet of the river known as Fish Bay.

There was a certain wild grandeur about the spot that seemed to attract the strangers. And certainly for fishing and duck shooting it could not be excelled.

Doctor Hamilton was greeted with cheers by his friends. It had long been an open secret about the doctor's admiration for the beautiful Mildred Blake, and although none could bring aught against the beautiful child of the woods.

After the first greetings were over, Mr. Golden, an uncle of Doctor Hamilton, called him aside, and handed him a package of letters.

"I suppose, Bert, you were thinking it about time you were hearing from home?" his uncle asked, watching his face keenly.

"To tell you the truth, uncle, I had not thought much about it," was the candid reply. "You see we had so much to think about."

"Exactly!" was the curt response. "Now, Bert, my boy, when is this nonsense going to end? You know no good can come of it. For you to marry that ignorant, uneducated child your wife would simply mean your ruin." His voice had in it a certain element of pathos which touched, while it angered, the man who listened.

"I don't think your advice is given in all kindness," the young doctor said in cold, even tones, "but it has come too late. Mildred Blake will be my wife, if I am fortunate enough to win her." The words were uttered with a determination there was no disputing.

"You mean it?" his uncle asked, in an incredulous voice. "You mean that?"

"Yes, I mean every word of it. If I fail to win that lovely child I hope my term in this world will not be a long one."

"It is even worse than I supposed," the other said gloomily. "Thank God, I have done my duty! In three days the governor will be here himself. I wash my hands of the whole affair," he said, thoroughly disgusted.

At mention of his father the young man's face flushed painfully, and with an effort he refrained from uttering the sarcastic words that trembled on his lips.

"Oh, well, don't let us quarrel, uncle," the younger man said lightly. "Whatever the governor may say, no blame can rest with you. I will see to that."

"I am fast losing my stock of patience with you," the uncle replied. "I regret exceedingly that I ever was induced to come to these parts." He was about to stride angrily away when the other detained him. "Would you spare me a few minutes longer?" he asked.

"Yes, if you have anything worth listening to."

"Well, I believe I can promise you an interesting half-hour," was the smiling reply.

"Let's have it-then," he said, seating himself on the trunk of a fallen tree.

"To begin with, then, how long is it since George Golden and Mildred Cadell disappeared from Boston?"

"Why, bless my heart, it's years ago. You have heard that story often enough to know it pretty well."

"Yes, I know," the other replied impatiently. "But I want to know something definite, the year if possible?"

"If I remember right, it was in the spring of 1870."

"Ah!" the other said, drawing a long breath. "And you have heard nothing of them since?"

"Nothing whatever. They disappeared as completely as though their graves hid them from view." A dark shadow settled over his face, and he grew sad and thoughtful.

"Let's see then, and I'll tell you a very strange thing. How would you account for the names of Mildred Cadell and George Golden being written on the fly leaf of a book in Mr. Blake's cabin?"

Mr. Golden started, and looked incredulous; then after a moment's thought said: "I would say it was some other George Golden and Mildred Cadell."

"I think not, since it was dated at Boston, in the year 1868."

The elder man rose to his feet, pale and deeply agitated. "Bert, my boy, did you really read that there?"

"No, but I was told by one who did. Miss Blake told me, and declared that her mother's name was Mildred Cadell. Of George Golden I believe she suspects or knows nothing."

"Her mother's name was Mildred Cadell!" the uncle cried in amazement. "Could it be —but no, that's impossible. He would never come to these wilds."

"Why impossible? These wilds are the surest place in which to lose his identity." The elder man

Hint for a Hat.

"Mamma," said little Tommy, as he closed the big book, "what are the 'wings' of time?"

"The wings of time, my son," replied his mother in loud tones, "are the faded wings I have been wearing on my hat for three seasons."

And then pa coughed uneasily and told Tommy if he did not stop asking foolish questions he would send him to bed.

New Homes in the West.

Send for free copy of pamphlet containing synopsis of the United States homestead laws and information how to secure a quarter section of splendid farming or grazing land free along the new railway lines of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, in South Dakota, Wyoming and other States. Special excursion rates to homeseekers. Full information on request to W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago.

Force of Habit.

"The doctors are surprised at that sudden rally of old Miserly's, for they didn't believe he could live through the day."

"Humph! I can explain it. Miserly can't afford to die while this strike of the hackmen is raising the price of funerals."

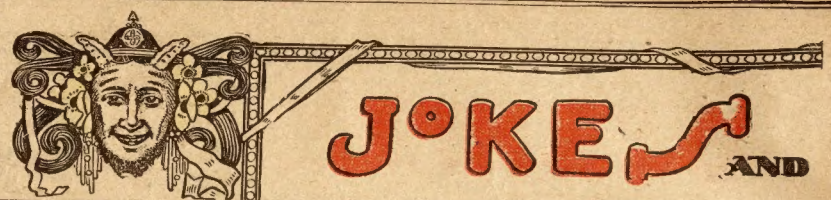
CURE FOR LIQUOR AND TOBACCO.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Address Kansas Anti-Liquor Society, 15 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The Russian Press.

First Russian (laying down a native newspaper)—This paper isn't quite so insufferably dull as usual.

Second Russian—No; it's almost interesting. If that editor isn't careful he'll get sent to Siberia.



SASSY TO BIG SISTER.

Bebe (to her big sister)—Take me to the dance with you.
Big Sister—No, you are too little, and you can't dance.
Bebe—O, yes, I can, and better than you. I was watching you the other evening, and you had to have someone to hold you up all the time.

Too Young.

He was a beardless youth and the peachy down was on his cheek.

"Darling," he whispered, "I beg of you to give me just one kiss. They are intoxicating."

But the beautiful girl shook her head and withdrew to the far end of the sofa.

"No, Freddy," she replied in tantalizing tones, "I don't want to do anything unlawful."

"Unlawful, Miss Rose?"

"Yes; you know it is against the law to give intoxicants to minors."

And then poor Freddy melted away like a tub of ice cream at a Sunday school picnic.

All Alike.

First Weary Tramp (as limited express slides by)—It's hard walkin' on a railroad, Bill. Don't yer wish ye was in one o' them sleepin'-cars, Bill?

Second Tramp (thoughtfully)—Yis, ef I c'u'd have a lower berth in the middle o' th' car.

How It Happened

Gyer—I was in a railway wreck seven years ago, and I never got over it.

Myer—You must have been badly hurt?

Gyer—I wasn't hurt at all. I didn't get over it because I crawled from under. See?

WHEN CHOLLY SLIPPED DOWN.

Cholly Greatstuff—Now I've got me new cane I'll stroll downtown and see if I cawn't—

Hook into something pretty nice—

And try to make some sort of an—

Impression!

No Wonder.

"I attended a funeral in a little village the other day," said the hardware drummer, "at which even the undertaker shed tears."

"Was he a relative?" asked the obese passenger.

"No," replied the hardware drummer, "but the deceased was the only doctor in the town."

A Dainty Little Maid.

Every one ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes postpaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Proper Location.

Hojax—I haven't seen you for nearly a year. Where are you located now?

Tomdix—In New York City.

Hojax—What are you doing?

Tomdix—Trying to make an honest living.

Hojax—Well, you ought to succeed there. You have no opposition worth mentioning.

An Appropriate Name.

"Easy says his new house has eighteen bathrooms.

"Must be a fine place! What does he call it?

"Plumbers' Paradise.

He—Yes, I always sleep in gloves; keeps your hands so soft.

She—Really; and do you sleep in your hat, too?

Uncle Hiram—I tell you what, that young Jenkins that's sparkin our Mandy knows how to look out for number one.

Aunt Malaprop—Yes, he's no eyesore runnin' aroun' selling his birthright for a mess of potash.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Revised Fable.

Long before daybreak the early bird sallied forth to find the early worm. But the early cat caught the early bird and was in turn pounced upon by the early bulldog. Then along came the early dog catchers and caught the early bulldog. Later on the sensible bird that never tried to force the hour and always slept until sunrise came out and found not only one worm, but a million.

Moral—It pays to be early, but not too early.

The Proper Word

Summer Boarder—So you consider your neighbor a hypocrite, do you?

Farmer Oatcake—I reckon mebbe that be the word. Bunyway, he's one uv them fellers what hides his light under a bushel when a pint cup would be plenty big enuff fer it, by grass!

JOLLITY

PASTY FOOD

Too Commonly Used.

The use of pasty cereals is not advisable A prominent physician says: "Pasty cereals are very indigestible and a bad thing for the stomach, causing a depressed feeling and quite a drain of disorders, particularly of the intestines and nerves.

"Cereals, such as wheat and oats, can be cooked long enough and well enough to fit them for human use, but the ordinary way of cooking leaves them in a pasty condition."

An Indiana man says: "My physician prohibited the use of oats and wheat for I was in a bad condition physically, with pronounced dyspepsia. He said the heavy paste was indigestible, but that Grape-Nuts, being a thoroughly cocked food and cooked in such a manner as to change the starch into a form of sugar, is very easily digested.

I have become very fond, indeed, of Grape-Nuts and all the uncomfortable feelings have disappeared. I have gained nearly twelve pounds in weight and have none of the distressed feeling after my meals which I had formerly. Grape-Nuts food has done the work." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

With Few Exceptions

Wilton Lackaye says that while on a downtown L train one morning recently he overheard portions of an interesting conversation between two young women occupying adjoining seats.

"I see by the paper," observed one of the young women, "that Mr. Blank, the octogenarian, is dead. What on earth is an octogenarian, anyhow?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the reply, "but there's one thing certain—they're a sickly lot of people. You never hear of one unless he is dying."

The Literal Truth.

"I thought you told me you were playing the heavy part in this spectacular drama?"

"So I am."

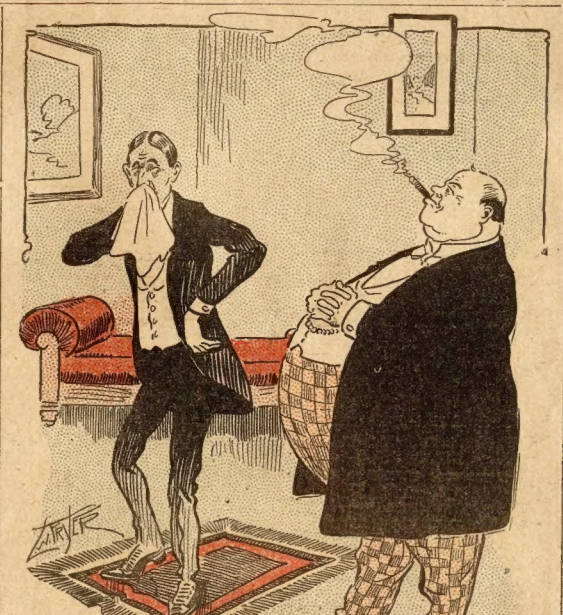
"Why, you don't even appear on the stage."

"Oh, yes, I do. I'm the hind legs of the elephant."

An Ounce of Prevention.

Mrs. Nubbins—Why do you employ that darky to whitewash the hen-coop? You know he's the most notorious chicken-thief in the neighborhood.

Mr. Nubbins (a practical man)—I want him to see how poor and lean my chickens are.



Slim Man—Confound it all. I went up to my room just now in the dark and bumped my nose on the edge of the door.

Stout Man—Ah, that's a thing I never do!

The Preferred Kind.

Short—There goes one of my preferred creditors.

Long—Why preferred?

Short—He never asks me for money.

Just Double.

Much to the annoyance and distress of Bobby's parents he had formed the embarrassing habit of asking visitors for a nickel. Finally Bobby's father offered to give him a dollar at the end of the month if he had not asked any one for a nickel.

"And you have kept your promise?" said Bobby's father, at the end of the month.

"Yes, sir," replied Bobby, "I haven't asked one person for a nickel."

"I am so glad, my little man. Here is your dollar. But I don't see how you could get out of the habit so easily."

"Oh, it was dead easy, pa. Instead of asking them for a nickel I asked them for a dime."

Rather Queer.

The Man— A learned scientist advances the theory that a severed head is capable of thinking, although it is unable to speak.

The Woman—That's queer. It is so much easier to talk than it is to think.

A Small Matter.

Guest (complainingly)—This bill of fare is all in French.

Waiter (reassuringly)—Niver you moind that, sur; the cook is Oirish.

She—He made a killing at the race track today.
He—Real money?
She—Oh, no; just mosquitoes.

Not So Bad as We Look.

Cutting—I suppose it did make you feel mean.

Dubbs—Well, I should say so. Why, I felt like a plugged nickel.

Cutting—Ah, but what a blessing it is that we never feel quite as bad as we look.

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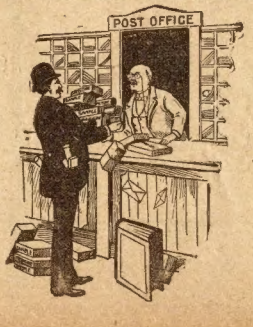

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CHAPTER XVIII.

A STORY OF THE PAST.

"I have never explained my visit to the library that night," Katharine said."

"And I have not asked you to do so," broke in Darrell.

"But I shall ask some one else to," she went on, making a quick gesture toward the gate, an eager light in her eye. "There he comes now."

Darrell turned quickly, and as he did so he saw some one walking from the gate toward the summer house.

"Why, it is Judge Cravens!" he cried, in surprise.

"Oh, you know him?" said Katharine.

"I have known him for years."

The Judge removed his hat as he approached, a curious smile on his face as he recognized Allen Darrell.

He shook hands with Miss Hope, and then turned to Darrell.

"And this is the way you slip away for a morning walk, is it?" he cried. "You are a sly dog, Darrell. By jove! I did not even know that you were acquainted with Miss Hope."

"Then I hope you will congratulate me," broke in Darrell. "She has elevated me to the seventh heaven by promising to marry me."

"Is it possible! Then I must say with all my heart, 'bless you, my children,'" said the Judge, a look of pleasure on his face. "Ah, how happy you both look already! Little need you will have for my blessing, if I may judge by your faces. What a pity that the pleasures of such a moment should be broken into by the dry, unromantic detail of practical affairs," he went on. "But such is often my unpleasant duty. As my business here happens to be urgent, and as it concerns nearly every one about the place more or less, I must ask you to introduce me to Mr. and Mrs. Sethfield, and we shall get the business over as quickly as possible."

The three walked to the house. Mr. and Mrs. Sethfield were on the porch, and on being introduced to Judge Cravens, who announced that he had a little business matter to settle, the party was conducted to the drawingroom.

There was a grave look on the face of Reginald Sethfield, and one of startled amazement on his wife's countenance.

"I cannot understand what business you can have with me," said Sethfield, in a careless tone.

"It mostly concerns Mrs. Sethfield," said the Judge quietly. "Mrs. Sethfield," he went on, turning to Sethfield's wife, "you are a niece of the late Nathan Beasley, I understand?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"And it was by his will that you inherited the Cypresses and the estate left by the deceased?"

"Certainly," she said.

"I beg your pardon for asking so many questions," went on the Judge, "but the business in hand requires that I be very particular in every detail."

"I think it might be well to state what your business relates to before you go on cross questioning my wife," interposed Sethfield. "You are a stranger to me, and your manner of introducing your business is rather abrupt."

"I want to be brief as possible," responded Judge Cravens, not the least disturbed by Sethfield's remarks. "If you desire I can easily acquaint you with the nature of my business. I have a client who claims a right to the estate of the late Nathan Beasley, and I am here to establish the validity of that claim."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Sethfield, "your claimant is probably a rank imposter, and if that is all the business you have, we may as well call the interview at an end."

"That is as you please," replied the Judge calmly. "But as it affects the title of the entire estate of Nathan Beasley, I surmised you might like to know the nature of the claims my client has to present."

"Very well, go on," said Sethfield. "I suppose it can do no harm to listen to the imposter's story."

"My object in seeking this interview," remarked the Judge, "is to come to an understanding at the outset. If we cannot settle the matter out of court, then I shall begin action in behalf of my client. You will pardon my questioning you," he went on, turning to Mrs. Sethfield, for I want to get at the bottom of this affair as quickly as possible. You are a relative of the late Nathan Beasley?"

"I am the daughter of his sister Ellen Brockton," replied Mrs. Sethfield, an uneasy look coming into her face.

"You were born in Albany, New York?"

"Yes."

"Who was your father?"

"George Brockton."

"An Englishman by birth?"

"Yes, sir."

"When you were still an infant your mother died and your father returned to England, taking you along. Am I right?"

"That is right."

"And when you were six years old your father went to India, leaving you in charge of a Mrs. Ferris, and a short time afterwards died in Bombay?"

Mrs. Sethfield nodded.

"Your father had a brother living in Bombay?"

"Yes, Newton Brockton."

"And he went to England to bring you to Bombay after the death of your father?

"And the ship in which he sailed was wrecked and both your uncle and yourself were reported to be lost?"

"You seem to be quite well acquainted with my family history!" broke in Mrs. Sethfield, with a faint sneer.

"I have tried to familiarize myself with it," nodded the Judge.

"Despite the fact that yourself and uncle were supposed to have perished such was not the case. You and your uncle escaped and you were given a home with your uncle Newton. Is that right?"

"It is," replied Mrs. Sethfield.

"And about this time a letter came from Nathan Beasley making inquiries about you?"

"Well?"

"In this letter it was stated that he—Nathan Beasley—and your mother had long been at enmity with each other, and as they had never been reconciled during your mother's life, he wanted to make amends for his harshness by making her daughter the chief beneficiary in his will.

"With this letter Mr. Beasley sent a sum of money with which you were to be educated, and you were placed in school. In time your uncle met with reverses. He became a poor man. You went on the stage, and about this time you met Mr. Fenton Gurlock?"

The detective paused.

A low, inarticulate cry escaped the lips of Mrs. Sethfield, and her face became as pale as death.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN IMPOSTER AT BAY.

For a moment there was a dead silence. It was broken by Mrs. Sethfield.

"How——do you know this?" she cried, in a shaking voice.

"I have made it a point to know all these things," went on the Judge, "for it all necessary in establishing the claims of the rightful heir to the estate of Mr. Beasley. You met Mr. Gurlock, who was mate of a vessel plying in Southern waters," continued the Judge, "and it appears that you promised to marry him."

"That is no affair of yours," said Mrs. Sethfield, a hot flush mounting her cheeks.

"It is a part of the story we have under consideration," said the Judge quietly. Later on you met Mr. Sethfield, a man of some wealth, and in the absence of Gurlock, you married Mr. Sethfield and sailed for England."

"That is enough," exclaimed Sethfield, a pallor overspreading his face. "I do not wish to hear more of your story, nor do I care to have my private affairs exploited by a stranger."

"But I am not done yet," remarked the Judge, a stern look coming into his clear blue eyes. I mean to go on to the end. It appears that Fenton Gurlock, bent on revenge for the loss of his promised bride, followed you to England, and from there to America. He tracked you to Dipton, and there met his death in a strange and unknown manner. Who murdered him? It is not my purpose to find out."

He paused, and the face of Sethfield became of an ashy gray. His lips moved but he uttered no sound.

"But I am not here to investigate the history of a crime," went on the Judge, "but to see that justice is done to my client."

A look of relief came over the face of Sethfield, and he remained silent.

"Let us go back and take up a thread that was dropped in our story," pursued the Judge. "When the ship that carried Newton Brockton and his little niece from England to Bombay was wrecked, it was at first reported that both were lost. Later Newton Brockton appeared at Bombay and it was reported that the child had also been saved, for it was about this time that the letter arrived from Nathan Beasley, but at that time Brockton fully believed that his little niece had perished in the waters of the Arabian sea. However, he had no intention of allowing the money of Nathan Beasley to go to strangers, and then it was that he conceived the idea of substituting his own little girl for the heiress who was supposed to be dead."

"It is a lie!" gasped Mrs. Beasley, her eyes flashing, but at the same time her face paled and her voice shook.

"What sort of an infernal concoction of lies has your client made up?" demanded Sethfield, his anger rising.

"There is no use in losing your temper," advised the Judge. "Let us get at the facts and then we can discuss the matter later on. It is true that little Alice Brockton was not lost. She was picked up, in company with an American, lashed to a floating spar by the Water Witch, bound to Marseilles. The American grew greatly attached to the child, brought it to America with him, and on hearing that its only relative had perished, he adopted her and gave her the name of his wife—Katharine Hope!"

A startled cry rose from the lips of Mrs. Sethfield, and her husband stood as if petrified.

The gaze of the two were turned on Katharine, who met their glances of amazed bewilderment with a calm scrutiny.

"And she—she is the imposter!" cried Sethfield, finding his voice at length.

A sudden flame of anger swept the girl's face. She rose to her full height and confronted the two.

There was something in her clear, penetrating glance that made them quail before her.

"Let me finish the story," she said, but the Judge put out his hand with a sudden gesture.

"I beg you to let me deal with them, Miss Hope," he said. "There is little more to be told, and when I am through I think the whole matter will be clear enough. When Miss Hope's adopted parents died, she found that they had left her a small estate, and unknown to her, her uncle, Nathan Beasley had been appointed as her guardian, though nothing had been said as to the relationship between guardian and ward. With the will was a letter written by Mr. Hope in which he advised Katharine to go to her uncle and tell him the whole story, but as she knew of the enmity that had existed between him and her mother, she shrank from doing so, hoping to win his regard under her adopted name. He grew very fond of her, and provided for her under his will, and it was her intention to have proclaimed her relationship had not his sudden death prevented her doing so.

"After Mr. Beasley's death Katharine then learned that he had left his entire estate to her under her former name, and she was preparing to establish her identity when Mrs. Sethfield came and took possession. She discovered that the imposter had planned to dispose of some of the most valuable and rare books in her late uncle's library, and knowing no other way to thwart her designs, she began removing the books from the library and secreting them in an old unused garret. Meantime she had placed the affairs in my hands, and I immediately set to work to establish her rights. I have now all the proofs, and if Mrs. Sethfield doubts me, I have a witness here whom I wish to introduce."

As he ceased speaking he stepped to the door and made a signal, and a man hurried from the gate toward the house and entered the library.

It was the man whom Darrell had met in company with the Judge that morning in the inn, Daniel Porter. At sight of his sallow, wrinkled face the countenance of Mrs. Sethfield became livid, and with a low moan she sank back on a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Who are you?" demanded Sethfield, in a sudden rage, seeing the effect the stranger had produced on his wife.

"I am Daniel Porter," replied the stranger calmly. "I am from Bombay, and I have known your wife from childhood. She is not the person she pretends, but is the daughter of Newton Brockton."

"Is this true?" cried Sethfield, turning to his wife.

"Yes yes, it is true," she faltered.

A deep and bitter oath escaped Sethfield. "Then you have deceived me as well as others," he cried harshly, but she only answered by a stifled sob.

A sort of a demoniacal laugh came from Sethfield.

"A nice little drama," he said. "But let us ring down the curtain."

He turned as if to quit the room, but at this Allan Darrell arose.

"If you please, Fenton Sethfield, I shall have to detain you for a moment," he said.

CHAPTER XX.

AT BAY.

Sethfield turned and faced the detective. "Indeed!" he cried. "What do you want?"

"I want to ask you a few questions," replied Darrell. As he spoke he drew a small trinket from his pocket, the one he had found in the bookcase, and handed it to Sethfield. "Will you tell me whose property this is?"

"It belongs to my wife, I think," replied Sethfield.

"Yes, it is mine," said Mrs. Sethfield. "It was a gift?" queried Darrell.

"What is that to you?"

It was Sethfield who spoke.

"If you will examine it closely," said Darrell, "you will notice that there are some words engraved on it."

His face paled as he glanced at the inscription, "From Fenton to Alice."

"Where did you get this, Mrs. Sethfield?" asked Darrell.

"That is no affair of yours," she replied, and turning, left the room.

The face of Sethfield flamed with sudden anger, and despite the fact that there was a note of fear in his voice, he made a bold attempt to conceal it.

"Get out of this house!" he ordered, waving his hand with a gesture of dismissal. I refuse to be further insulted by your presence."

Darrell made a quick step forward. There was a lightning like movement, and the detective had snapped a pair of handcuffs on the man's wrists.

He staggered back, appalled, amazed.

"Fenton Gurlock, I arrest you for the murder of Reginald Sethfield!" said Darrell in a calm tone.

The face of the accused became livid. He reeled against the wall and clutched at a chair for support.

"Are—you mad?" he gasped.

"Hardly," relied the detective. "You are Fenton Gurlock—I have discovered the mystery of the whole affair—and after murdering Reginald Sethfield, you have taken his name and place."

Exclamations of amazement came from those collected in the room, and Katharine stood as if petrified, her eyes fixed on the ashen face of the accused.

Gurlock—for such we must now call him—sank into a chair, shaking like a leaf.

"You—you have no proof," he said.

"More than you think," replied Darrell. "The little trinket found in the bookcase gave me my first clue by which I connected you with the murdered man. This was strengthened by a description I obtained from a tramp of the man who was seen by the dead body the night of the murder—for you answered that description. And in placing your own clothes on the body of the victim you failed to remove the under garments worn by him. On these I found the name of Reginald Sethfield. It was just such an oversight as the murderer is liable to make, and it is these small things that furnish clues for detection. If I lacked any further evidence to establish your identity, I could soon have it."

While he had been talking he had stepped to the door and made a signal, and now Jason Frew suddenly appeared at the threshold.

"We will let Mr. Frew decide," said the detective.

The prisoner started in sudden terror as Frew came in, and when the gaze of the

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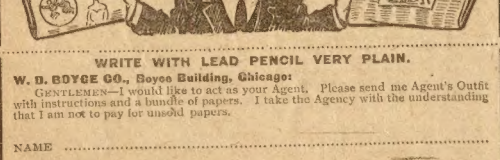

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Cut—5

ex-sailor fell on the white face of the prisoner he uttered a gasp and stood as if turned to stone.

"Fenton Gurlock!" he cried hoarsely. "Great God! Can the dead come to life?"

"No, the dead cannot return to life," said Darrell, "but it is possible for an imposter to work a cunning deception that will deceive the world. It was not Fenton Gurlock who was murdered, but Reginald Sethfield, and I have arrested Gurlock for committing the deed."

Frew tried to speak, but his amazement and emotion held him dumb.

"I did not murder Reginald Sethfield!" broke in Gurlock. "I swear I did not murder him!"

"You are not on trial now," said Darrell. "You can tell your story to the jury. But you can, if you will, restore to one who was your friend—Mr. Frew here, that of which you robbed him."

"Yes, said Frew, as if awaking from a dream, "let him give me what is mine."

Gurlock put his hand to his head and was deep in thought.

"Give me time to think," he said, "and I will tell you what I will do."

"Very well," replied Darrell. "I will turn you over to the officers at Dipton. Meantime," he said, turning to the others, "we shall have the house and premises searched. We shall have to hold Mrs. Sethfield on charge of complicity in the murder of her husband," and with this he hurried from the room, leaving the prisoner in charge of Jason Frew, but the woman could not be found. She had disappeared completely, and no one had seen her go.

CHAPTER XXI.
CONCLUSION.

Fenton Gurlock was taken to the Dipton jail, and the whole village was in a fever of excitement over the solution of the mystery surrounding the strange case.

Gurlock declared that he was innocent of murder, and told the story of the tragedy to Darrell the evening he was placed in jail.

He tracked Sethfield to Dipton, he said, and on leaving the Red Stag inn, went directly to Cypresses. There he encountered Sethfield, and there was a stormy interview to which Mrs. Sethfield was a witness. It proved, he said, that Sethfield had induced his wife to marry him by falsehoods, which she admitted, after hearing Gurlock's statements. Gurlock demanded satisfaction and a duel was the result. Sethfield fell, and there was no one present to witness the duel which was fought in the library, but the victim's wife. The two shots that were fired almost simultaneously, failed to waken any of the servants, and then fearing that trouble might result if he surrendered himself to the law, Gurlock dressed the body in his own clothes and carried it to the spot where it was found.

Mrs. Sethfield, who had been won by a lie told by the deceased, decided to marry her old lover as soon as they could arrange to leave the country. So it was decided that, as none of the servants about the place knew either man, that Gurlock should appear in the role of Sethfield. It was their intention to sell the Cypresses and the books in the library and depart for some foreign country. But the detection had come and justice had at last overtaken the evil doers.

That was the story Gurlock told. Whether it was the truth or not none may ever know.

That night Fenton Gurlock escaped from the jail, and from that day to this he has never been found. Mrs. Sethfield, who disappeared from the Cypresses made her escape, and no trace of her was discovered.

A search of the Cypresses resulted in the discovery of the great diamond "The Midnight Sun," but none of the others could be found. But Jason Frew was more than satisfied to recover that as his share of the treasure, for it brought him a fortune greater than his wildest dreams had ever pictured, after he had given a princely reward to Allan Darrell for his services.

It all seems to good to be true," Jason Frew said to Allan Darrell. "I had almost given up every hope of recovering the diamond when I went to your office that day. It was a lucky day for me, and I shall now buy me a fruit farm and spend the remainder of my days away from the sea."

It was a piece of good luck all round," replied Darrell. "And one of the strangest parts of it was the fact that when I first met Mrs. Sethfield at the Cypresses that evening I called there, I was impressed with the conviction that I had met her before. But till today could I call to mind when or where I had seen her."

"Where was it?" asked Frew.

"Why, she and her husband spent three days in the hotel in New York where I was staying, and it must have been just after their arrival from England. It is strange how a little incident will lead to great results. I had then been employed on a celebrated case, and my success was talked of everywhere, and some of the journals printed my picture. I am quite sure that I was pointed out to Mr. and Mrs. Sethfield at the time, and it was this that induced him to employ me to work on the case of the mysteriously disappearing books, which was one of the threads of fate that led to his detection."

After the arrest of Gurlock, and the mystery of the strange affair had come to light, Buck Griffin only remained in Dipton long enough to satisfy himself that his game there had been spoiled, and much disgusted, he and his pals disappeared.

A month later Allan Darrell and Katharine Hope were married, and as the famous detective no longer follows the trails of the evil doers, the happy pair pass their days amid the peaceful and quiet scenes of the Cypresses, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

The end.

Animals.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does it mean when a man takes the lion's share?

Pa—It is a polite way of insinuating that he acted like a hog, my son.

THEN AND NOW.

A SCHUYLER LONG

When the earth is wrapped in silence
With the mantle of the night,
And I seek the cozy corner
Where the fire is burning bright.

And I gaze upon the shadows
Where the fitful firelight gleams,
Fancy takes me with her backward
To my vanished boyhood dreams.

And again the airy castles
That I built before me rise,
And I smile at boyish visions
As they pass before my eyes.

Once again I tramp the furrow
With my hand upon the plow,
And the fragrance of the meadows
Brings a longing to me now.

There beyond the hills and pastures
With its shining, golden spires
Full of wealth and dazzling promise,
Stood the City of Desires.

There the way to fame and fortune
Was but the matter of a few years,
Then the rounds of joy and pleasure
Midst a life of pampered ease.

There no more the weary burdens
That the farm forever brings:
Only days of glad employment
That flew by on golden wings.

And the dreams my youthful longing
Built upon my discontent,
With the rainbow hues around them,
And enchantment distance lent!

Gone those dreams! How quickly vanished
Time and tide have changed since then.
And I'm weary with the city—
Longing for the farm again.

THE SUAVE MR. PERKINS.

BY M. QUAD.

Mr. James Treadwell, Boston, U. S. A., was registered at a London hotel, and had been for two weeks, when he happened in at an auction sale of bric-a-brac on a fashionable street. It was a sale of the goods and chattels of a private house, and he mingled with the spectators entirely out of curiosity.

He had been lingering around for half an hour when the auctioneer put up a box made of sandalwood, which he took for a cuddy, and Treadwell would not have been surprised at all had it been knocked down for sixpence. In fact, that was the first bid, and it was about to be knocked down to a ferret-faced man when something impelled Mr. Treadwell to make it nine.

His bid was at once raised 100 per cent, and the leer on the face of the other provoked him. The other's bid was one of defiance, and was so accepted.

Mr. Treadwell was a quiet, conservative man, but a fine streak in him was a spirit of hit back when he was provoked. He didn't like the face or the attitude of the other bidder, and he determined to have that box if it cost him a pound. The people around him seemed to divine that he was a "Yankee," and made comments that further determined him.

To the auctioneer's surprise the bids went up to 10 pounds. Mr. Treadwell would have carried them to double that sum, but the other bidder rushed away to look for some one in the crowd, and, being afraid of missing a good thing, the auctioneer knocked the trifle down to the last bidder and it was handed to him and paid for amid giggles of open laughter.

He felt that he had made a fool of himself, and, with his box under his arm, left the spot in no pleasant frame of mind.

He had not gone two blocks when a young woman overtook him. She explained that she had been lady's maid in the house for a number of years, and coveted the box as a souvenir of her dear, dead mistress. The ferret-faced man had been bidding for her. Would Mr. Treadwell respect the sentiment that actuated her and let her have the box for what he paid?

It so happened, firstly, that the American was an old bachelor and a cynic, and appeals to sentiment didn't move him. Secondly, he had gone to the trouble of making a fool of himself and was determined to keep the box as a reward. The girl offered to double the price and there were tears in her eyes, but she did not get it.

Hotel clerks concretely reached when Mr. Charles Perkins desired an interview. Mr. Perkins was suave—exceedingly suave. He was as suave and gentle and courteous as if he was going to ask for the loan of $10,000 on a huckleberry marsh worth $50 on Boston Common. Although he was one of the most patriotic of her Majesty's subjects, he had gazed upon Bunker Hill monument and found his heart swelling with pride at the thought of how bravely it had held against the redcoats. He knew that America was the home of the robber trusts and grafters, and that every state and city had its ring of political thieves, but he kept clear of saying so. Not a thing did he say that could have hurt the feelings of an American babe.

When Mr. Perkins had got through praising Uncle Sam's country and children he came to the subject in hand. It was his wife that had died, and his furniture that had been sold at auction. He was an architect, and had met his downfall by trying to introduce American ideas into England, such as dark bedrooms, parlors in which two people could sit with their knees touching, and hot air furnaces that only produced hot air from the mouth of the manufacturer.

That sandalwood box had been presented to his wife by Queen Victoria in person for making the best pumpkin pies in all England. She had used it for 20 years to catch her tears in whenever she wept. On many occasions she had thrown it at his head.

There were a thousand other sacred associations connected with it, and he had called in hopes that Mr. Treadwell could see his way clear to taking the sum of £15 for the sad relic.

Mr. Treadwell felt for the suave Mr. Perkins, but he couldn't part with the box. He was still mad at the people who had called him a "Yankee" and giggled over his bargain, and he had begun to smell a rat.

No six-penny sandalwood box was worth £15 unless there was some secret connected with it—something to which he might profit and get even. He therefore, turned Mr. Perkins down and took the box to his room and examined it.

It seemed nothing more than a plain handkerchief box. There were no traces of tears shed by the dead and gone. If the late Mrs. Perkins had ever busted it by throwing it at the head of her husband it had been repaired again. Mr. Treadwell peeked and peered and found nothing.

It was only when he came to measure that he suspected a secret drawer and at length found one. The contents consisted of a birth and marriage certificate of the same person, and the death of that person had taken place 15 years previously. As near as could be figured out, the papers were valuable to complete a record and establish a claim.

The ferret-faced man knew it, the young woman knew it and the suave Mr. Perkins knew it. They were in cahoots to get possession, and not for one moment did Mr. Treadwell believe that any one of them had a legal right to the documents.

He read them over and over, and he sat pondering on the matter, when his bedroom door opened softly. He sat with his back to it, and there was a rush and a swish. He heard nothing and had no premonition.

The first he knew two hands gripped his throat and pulled him over backward on the floor. Then he looked up to find Mr. Perkins sitting on his chest, and another man in the room.

"Don't kill the bloke!" whispered the other man. "The documents are right here under our noses, and we ought to be obliged to him."

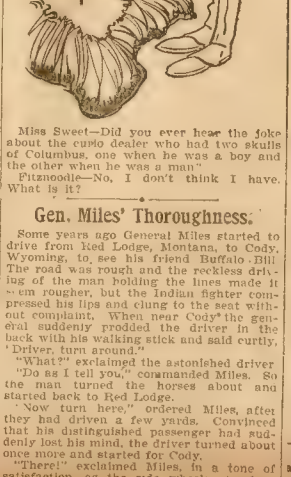
Mr. Treadwell was not throttled to death. Mr. Perkins and evidently come prepared for such an event, but gave over grunglingly and slipped a gag into the mouth of his victim. Then he produced cords and trussed him up so speedily and securely as to almost excite admiration.

When he had finished his work he shoved the body aside, took a glance at the papers, and shook hands with his coadjutor. Mr. Treadwell had ordered up a bottle of wine, but had forgotten to open it. The two men now saved him the trouble. It was good wine, and they smacked their lips over it and complimented the American.

Then they winked at him, twiddled their fingers from the ends of their noses, and walked softly out.

It was three long hours before a waiter looked in to see if the "Yankee" had jumped his bill and departed. Then Mr. Treadwell was untied and ungagged, a charge of sixpence extra placed against his name for being tied up and robbed, and when he went to the police and related the whole circumstance and asked that Mr. Perkins and the others be run down, he was answered by the officer:

"O, go home and sleep it off. You are one of those Americans who ought never to be allowed at large!"



Miss Sweet—Did you ever hear the joke about the curio dealer who had two skulls of Columbus, one when he was a boy and the other when he was a man?

Fitznoodle—No, I don't think I have. What is it?

Gen. Miles' Thoroughness.

Some years ago General Miles started to drive from Red Lodge, Montana, to Cody, Wyoming, to see his friend Buffalo Bill. The road was rough and the reckless driving of the man holding the lines made it seem rougher, but the Indian fighter compressed his lips and clung to the seat without complaint. When near Cody the general suddenly prodded the driver in the back with his walking stick and said curtly, "Driver, turn around."

"What?" exclaimed the astonished driver.

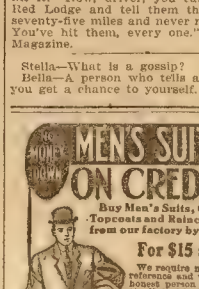
"Do as I tell you," commanded Miles. So the man turned the horses about and started back to Red Lodge.

"Now turn here," ordered Miles, after they had driven a few yards. Convinced that his distinguished passenger had suddenly lost his mind, the driver turned about once more and started for Cody.

"There!" exclaimed Miles, in a tone of satisfaction, as the side wheels struck a stone and he bounded into the air. "You hit it! Now, driver, you can go back to Red Lodge and tell them that you drove seventy-five miles and never missed a rock. You've hit them, every one."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Stella—What is a gossip?

Bella—A person who tells a thing before you get a chance to yourself.



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* * *

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* * *

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Or, THE BOY WHO FOUND GARCIA. By S. A. D. COX

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CHAPTER X.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Ben Bolton was never nearer death's door than when the man seized him by the throat and lifted the knife to strike.

The attack had come so suddenly and unexpected that the youth was taken wholly by surprise. He was practically paralyzed, and, too, the man was much stronger than he, and had a strong grip on his throat, shutting off his wind.

Had it depended on Ben alone, doubtless he would have lost his life then and there, but it did not, for help was at hand.

One of the Secret Service officers who had helped capture the band of counterfeiters and who knew Ben and knew he had opened up a store, stopped in front of the room just after the man entered, and was looking in when he saw the man go around behind the counter. Something impelled him to enter the store, and he did so, stepping lightly, though why he did it he could not have explained. Perhaps something in the looks or actions of the patron caused him to be suspicious.

It happened, therefore, that he was not ten feet distant when the man seized Ben by the throat, jerked forth the knife and gave utterance to the threatening exclamation.

And before the desperate man could strike, the officer sprang forward and seized hold of the wrist, making it impossible for the would-be assassin to strike the intended blow.

Taken by surprise in his turn, the man's only idea seemed to be to make his escape.

He dropped the knife, let go of Ben's throat and wrenched his wrist free. Then he dashed along behind the counter, around from behind it, and bounded out through the doorway. The Secret Service officer was close behind him, and made a grab at the fellow, but missed.

Then he leaped out into the street, drawing his revolver, and yelled:

"Stop, or I'll put a bullet through you!"

The man did not stop, but instead turned sharply to the left and dashed up an alley.

The officer followed, but the man was fleet of foot, and managed to make his escape in the darkness.

The officer was disappointed, but it could not be helped, and so he made his way back to Ben's store, and found the youth standing in the doorway.

"He got away, then?" exclaimed Ben.

"Yes; he dodged up a dark alley, and I couldn't find him."

"That is too bad!"

"Yes; but it couldn't be helped. Did he hurt you?"

"No, nothing to speak of. He squeezed my throat pretty hard," feeling of his throat and making a grimace.

"He meant to kill you, I guess."

"Yes, indeed! Did you hear what he said?"

"No."

Ben repeated the man's words, and the officer nodded and said:

"He was a member of the counterfeiters band, likely."

"That's what I think. Well, you saved my life, sir, and I thank you earnestly."

"Oh, you are more than welcome. I am glad that I happened in just at the right moment."

"So am I!" with a smile.

"I guess the scoundrel is not likely to come back."

"I hardly think so. He was given a good scare."

"You are right; but you had better keep your eyes on men customers who come in after nightfall, hereafter."

"I will do so. I wasn't thinking of danger."

"Well, you have been warned, and had better be on the lookout for trouble in future. It is evident that your part in the capture of the band of counterfeiters is known, and they may try again to get even with you."

"I won't let any more customers come around the counter after nightfall."

"That's right."

Then with a cheery good-night, the officer took his departure, taking the knife the villain had dropped, with him, in the hope that it might in some way aid in the identification of the would-be assassin.

Ben kept the store open half an hour longer, and then closed up and went home.

His mother and sister were still up, and Lucy Mayberry was over there. They were eager to have a talk with Ben, and learn what he had to say about his new work.

"I like it splendidly," he told them. "I believe that I shall some day be a big mercantile king."

"Good for you, brother!" exclaimed Alice. "There is nothing like aiming high."

"You will succeed; I feel sure of it," said Lucy.

"Thank you, Lucy," said Ben, giving her an earnest look of appreciation. "How could I fail of succeeding, when I have three such good people to work for as mother and you two girls?"

His mother kissed him.

"I am sure that you will succeed, my son," she said.

Half an hour later, Lucy went into the other part of the house, and Ben and his mother and sister went to bed.

Ben did not tell them about his narrow escape from being murdered, for he knew it would alarm them, without doing any good.

"Mother and the girls would worry themselves sick, if they knew about it," he thought.

He was soon asleep, and dreamed that he was a mercantile king, owning a great department store in a big city, with hundreds of people in his employ.

CHAPTER XI.

BEN USES A PAPER-WEIGHT TO GOOD ADVANTAGE.

At the time of which we write the Spanish-Cuban War was going on, and there was a good demand for the daily papers. Ben sold large numbers of both the morning and evening editions.

He was interested, too, and read the news every day. His sympathies were with the Cubans in their struggle for liberty, and wished that he might do something to aid them.

Joe Hawley dropped in frequently, and always asked if business was growing fast enough so that a clerk was likely to be needed soon.

"Not yet, Joe," Ben would tell him, with a smile.

"Well, hurry up!" Joe would say, and then would hasten away to report at the office.

One day a couple of men got to arguing about the war, out in front of Ben's store. They had stopped to buy papers. One was about forty years of age, burly and wicked-looking; the other was of more slender build and was at least fifty years old.

He spoke quietly, but the other man was loud-mouthed and vehement, and presently, after the other said something that was not just to his liking, he knocked the man down.

Ben was standing in the doorway, and saw it all, and he was made very angry.

"You big brute!" he cried, impulsively; "shame on you for striking an old man, and a frail one!"

This enraged the big fellow, and he whirled on Ben with the ferocity of a tiger.

"I'll serve you the same way!" he hissed and he leaped forward and struck at the youth.

But Ben saw what was coming, and leaped back, just in time to avoid the blow.

The big fellow gave utterance to a snarl of rage and discomfiture, and started to enter the store, intent on getting at the bold-spoken youth.

"Back!" cried Ben. "Keep out of here!"

"I'll break your neck!" the man hissed. "You called me a brute."

"And that is just what you are, too! Keep out, or you'll wish that you had!"

But the man was inside the room now, and Ben retreated and got behind a counter.

The big fellow came rushing toward the youth, and it was plain that he was so angry that he would not hesitate to do the young store-keeper injury.

Ben realized this, and glanced around for a weapon. He could not hope to cope with the man, who was big and strong.

On the counter, near at hand, lay some paper-weights—rather heavy ones, made of glass, and Ben seized one of these and threw it at the big fellow. It went true, and struck the man between the eyes.

With a cry of pain, he threw up his arms, his knees gave way under him, and he sank to the floor, where he lay still.

"Great guns! I hope I haven't killed him!" murmured Ben; and just then the old man entered. His left eye was almost swelled shut.

"I hit him with a paper-weight," explained Ben. "I—wonder if—I—have killed him?"

The youth was somewhat pale, for he would have hated to have had the blood of a human being on his hands

"I hardly think it likely that you have killed, or even seriously injured him, my boy," was the reply. "He is too hard-hearted for that. The blow was hard enough, however, to render him temporarily unconscious. I think we had better summon an officer, and he will ring for an ambulance, likely."

"Will you get the officer, please, sir?" said Ben. "I don't want to leave my store."

"Certainly, my boy; but, look out for him, in case he should recover his senses before I get here with the officer."

"There are men who will help me, in case he should try to attack me," said Ben, indicating a number of men, who had been attracted by the encounter between the two men on the street; and who were now peering in through the doorway.

Just then a policeman came pushing his way through the crowd.

"What's the trouble here?" he asked, as he entered the store.

The old gentleman explained, and the officer knelt and looked at the wound on the man's forehead, and then felt of his pulse.

"He's not had hurt, at all," he said. He'll be all right in a few minutes. Bring some water, young fellow," to Ben.

Ben obeyed, and the policeman sprinkled some of the water on the unconscious man's face, and in less than a minute, he came to. He opened his eyes and looked around, and then rose to a sitting posture.

"I remember, now," he growled, feeling of his forehead. "That young villain hit me with a paper-weight!"

"Yes, you old villain, I did," retorted Ben, promptly. "And if I hadn't you would have broke me up into little pieces, I have no doubt."

"That's what I would!" in a snarl; "and I'll do it yet!" and he scrambled to his feet and made as if to attack Ben; but the policeman interfered, and interposing his burly form, pushed the irate man back.

"None of that!" he warned. "You were going to attack the boy, and he simply defended himself. Now, get out, or I'll arrest you."

"I won't get out—not till I have settled with this young scoundrel!" hissed the man. "He hit me with a paper-weight and knocked me senseless, and I'm not the man to let a thing like that go unavenged!"

"You brought it on yourself."

"He called me a brute, and——"

"You are one," said Ben. "You knocked that gentleman down, and he is ten or fifteen years older than yourself and much more frail. That's why I called you a brute, and I'll leave it to the crowd if I didn't tell the truth."

"Let me at him!" cried the man, trying to come at the officer.

"That'll do!" cried the officer, angrily. "I'm not going to warn you only this once. Get out of here and go your way, or I'll run you in!"

The big fellow hesitated, and then, glaring at the officer, at Ben, he hissed:

"I'll get even with you, young fellow!" Then he turned and strode out of the room and away up the street.

The crowd dispersed then, and the policeman took his departure, but the old gentleman remained.

"I want to thank you for taking my part," he said

"Oh, that's all right," smiled Ben. "I merely told that fellow what I thought of him."

"True; but that was taking my part. And it got you into trouble."

"Nothing to speak of, sir. I wasn't hurt—though I was pretty badly scared, for a few moments, I will admit," and he laughed.

The old man nodded, and said:

"That man would have done you serious injury, doubtless. He is undoubtedly a brute, just as you said. And I would advise, my boy, that you be on your guard. He might step in here and attack you when you were not looking for it."

"I'll watch out for him, sir. I don't think he will try to bother me."

The old man shook his head.

"I don't know about it," he remarked. "You gave him a hard blow with the paper-weight, and I think he is a man who will harbor a feeling of anger a long time and try to get revenge."

"Possibly; but I will keep my eyes open."

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Ben Bolton, sir."

"Ah! Then you must be the young man who was responsible for the capture of the band of counterfeiters?"

"Yes, sir," said Ben. "I did help some, I believe."

"I should say so! You did more than just help some, if the papers told the truth, and

I guess they did. I'm proud to make your acquaintance, Ben Bolton. My name is Gilmore—William Gilmore."

"I am glad to know you, sir," said the youth, as he took the hand the old gentleman extended. "You see, I am in sympathy with the Cubans, the same as you are, and I was on your side in the argument you were having with that man."

"Ah, yes. Well, I hope that he won't try to harm you."

"I have no fears, sir."

"Well, good-by, Ben. I shall drop in occasionally, to make purchases."

"Thank you, sir."

Then the old man took his departure, and Ben turned to wait on a lady customer who had just come in.

Joe Hawley came in after supper that evening, and as there was no one other than himself and Ben there, he said:

"Did you have some trouble with a big, heavy-set fellow today, Ben?"

"A little," was the reply; "why?"

"I'll tell you why I ask: I heard a couple of fellows talking, down the street as I came along. They were just within the mouth of an alley, and I happened to catch your name, and after I had passed, I slipped back and listened. The big fellow—I got a look at both of them as they came out of the alley a few moments later—said that you had laid him out with a paper-weight, and that he was going to get even with you for it. The other fellow was small and wiry-looking, and looked capable of almost anything."

"You didn't hear them discuss any plan, Joe?"

"No; the big fellow simply spoke your name, and told the other where your store is located, and said that he was going to get even with you. I think they had been discussing something else just before that."

"Well, I'll look out for the fellow," said Ben. Then he told the story, in detail, and Joe listened with interest.

"Say, you are all right, Ben!" he said, when he had heard all. "You did right in giving that fellow the blow between the eyes with the paper-weight, but it may cause you some trouble, later on."

"I can't help it, if it does. I had to hit him, to save myself, and I'd do it again."

"Of course; only, keep your eyes open."

"I will."

It struck the man between the eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

A COUPLE OF AMATEUR ROBBERS.

Ben did not tell his sister and mother about that affair, for he felt that it would alarm them needlessly.

"I don't want them worrying about me," was his thought.

Joe did not get around till about nine o'clock, the next evening, and then he brought some more news.

He told Ben that the store was to be broken into that night.

"Who is going to do it?" queried Ben.

"One of the two I heard planning the affair was that young tough that you had some trouble with when you were a messenger boy."

"Billy Belcher?"

"Yes."

"And the other is one of his cronies, of course."

"Yes."

"What is their object in breaking in?"

"Oh, they think they may find some money, and then they will have revenge on you by doing all the damage to your stock that they can."

"I see. Did they say what time they would be on hand?"

"About eleven o'clock."

"All right; we'll be here and will give them a cordial reception!" grimly.

"Good!" nodded Joe. "I was going to offer my services."

"Thanks, old fellow; I know you will be glad to help me. And now, do me a favor in the meanwhile."

"You have only to name it."

"Go to my home and tell mother and sis that I won't be home much before midnight."

"All right," with alacrity. "But what shall I tell them if they ask what is to keep you?"

"Tell them that I have some extra work to do in the store, getting ready for the holiday season."

"Good. I'll do it. I'll be back in—"

"About an hour," laughed Ben.

Joe laughed, and blushed slightly.

"All right," he said; "an hour it is."

Then he hastened out.

The truth was, that Joe thought a great deal of Ben's sister Alice, and was only too glad to get to go to the house on the errand. Ben was aware of this fact, and that was the reason he mentioned an hour as the length of time the other would be gone.

"So that young rascal, Billy Belcher, is going to break into the store, is he?" Ben murmured, when Joe had gone. "All right. I guess that he'll wish that he hadn't done it, before he gets through with the affair."

Two or three customers came in, just then, and Ben went and waited on them.

A few minutes after the last one of these had made their purchases and gone, Joe came in.

"Well?" remarked Ben.

"I told them what you said."

"And they didn't suspect anything?"

"I think not. Your mother simply remarked that she was afraid that you were not getting sleep enough since you opened the store, as it was always eleven o'clock before you got to bed."

Ben laughed.

"I get plenty of sleep," he said. "And I'll wager that I get more sleep tonight than Billy Belcher does."

"I'll wager that you will," he agreed.

The two youths talked the matter over and agreed on their plan of action. They shrewdly suspected that Billy Belcher and his crony would watch for them to leave the store, and they would have to leave, in order to deceive the two.

"Then we'll make a detour and come around to the alley and enter the store at the rear, the same as they expect to do," said Ben.

"That ought to work," agreed Joe.

"I am sure that it will."

"What will you do with them, if we succeed in making them prisoners, Ben?"

"Take them to the police station and turn them over to the authorities."

"Good! They'll be sent to the penitentiary, won't they?"

"Possibly; though, owing to their being under age, they may be sent to the reform school."

"That Belcher is practically a grown man, and ought to be sent to the penitentiary."

"Well, that will be for the judge to say. We'll do our part, and then leave the rest to the proper authorities."

"So we will, old man."

At ten o'clock, they left the store, after turning out all the lights save one in the front window. Locking the door ostentatiously—for he doubted not that the eyes of the two would-be robbers were upon him—Ben pocketed the key and walked down the street, accompanied by Joe.

They made a detour and went around and unlocked the rear door and entered, closing and locking the door behind them.

It was dark in the rear portion of the store, and they were in no danger of being seen from the front.

"Well, they can come as soon as they like, now," said Joe, in a low voice.

"Yes, we're ready to receive them."

They talked in whispers for half an hour, and suddenly Ben caught hold of Joe's arm and whispered:

"I hear them!"

They listened a few moments, and heard the sound of voices, and then there was a fumbling at the door.

This ceased quickly, and then there was a rattling sound at the window.

"I guess they are going to come in through the window," whispered Joe.

"Yes, I guess so."

Crash!

The would-be robbers had broken a window-pane.

There was a click, and a grating sound, and the window had undoubtedly gone up. Ben and Joe could just make out the outlines of the opening, the background being slightly lighter there, and the next moment they saw a dark form coming through. This was followed by another, and then there sounded footsteps on the floor.

Crouching close to the floor, behind the end of a counter, Ben and Joe made out the forms of the two young thugs, and when the latter were within a couple of yards, Ben suddenly cried:

"Now!"

Then he and Joe leaped upon the amazed and startled would-be robbers and bore them struggling to the floor.

This capital story of boyhood luck and adventure will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. It will be to your pleasure and profit to follow its characters to the dramatic and remarkable close. Would you like one of our fine stereoscopes without cost, or six of our fine summer patterns entirely free? Then subscribe for the Ledger and they will be sent to you. Read our premium announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

The Week's Fable.

Upon an occasion, as a man was making his way homeward after a hard day's work shearing lambs he saw a crowd on the corner and said to himself:

"I will halt and ascertain the reason of this congregation of people. Perhaps some one may drop words of good advice by which I may profit."

He found a long-haired, benevolent-looking man holding forth to his fellow-men, and telling them that one of their missions on earth was to be kind and considerate to their fellow-men.

"It is surely so," mused the lamb shearer as he resumed his way. "I never thought of it before, but surely I now see that I should be willing to go out of my way to help my fellow-man along. Of course I should."

And at midnight that night, which was as soon as he could get ready, he walked to the house of the benevolent man whom he had heard speaking and pounded on his door. A chamber window was raised and the benevolent demanded to know what in—(you know)—was wanted.

"Sir, I come because of your words on the corner this evening," replied the shearer. "It is my duty to put you and all others of my fellow-men onto a good thing. The stock of the War-Whoop Silver Mine is now selling at five cents a share, with 1,000,000 tons of ore in sight. In the next fifty days the stock will be advanced to five and a half. Buy now before the rise and make your eternal fortune. You can pay one cent down and one cent a year until all is paid up."

Then the benevolent man hurled cuss-words at the man on the steps, and he menaced him with hair brushes and water pitchers and rusty revolvers, and he was driven away in great haste and ignominy with tears in his eyes.

Moral—He who takes a man at his word takes risks.

A Suspicious Citizen.

"I dess wants to specify," disgruntedly said Brother Smothers, "dat Cuhnel Slaughter am de most s'picious white gen'leman I ever had de pleasure of witnessin'!"

"How's dat?" inquired Brother Huntoon.

"Uh—well, sah, lemme 'numerate: Tudder night—Firday, 'twuz—de cuhnel goes out to his hen house, a spell atter de moon sets, softly opens de little high-up do' at de back of de edifice and draps a big-moufed scoun'rel of a bulldog inside, and den shets and fastens de little do' and runs around to de big do' on de front side."

"Name o' gracious! What did he do all dat for?"

"Uh-kaze of his blamed s'picion, dat's what for! And dat wasn't de wust of it, needer! I was inside of de hen house at de time, and dat ding-busted bulldog suffixed hisse'f to muh pussonality in a voice of thunder, and we revolutionized dar in de darkness like one of des yuh merry-go-rounds. 'Twuz a shame, de way dat yar-mint acted! He bit me, he did, as plenty as de sands on de seasho', and we went over and under and round and round like fighting fish. And den when I finally dislocated de big do' and busted th'oo it, de cuhnel let drive at me wid a scatter-gun loaded with rock-salt. But, bless goodness, I had a runnin' start, and but little of de salt hit me, uh-kaze I out-flew de most of it. And dat's de way s'spicious white gen'lemen treated me; yassah, dat's de way!"

"Well-uh, Brudder Smothers, it looks as if he knowed yo' was in de hen house."

"Yassah. It 'pears like he e'pected it, anyhow. Dat man am painful s'picious, dess demme tell you!"—Puck.

Modern Buccaneers.

"Pa," said little Bobby, "is it true that pirates at one time cruised around in the vicinity of Jamestown?"

"Yes, my son," replied his father, who had just returned from the exposition, "and there are plenty of pirates around there now."

"Gracious! What are they doing, pa?"

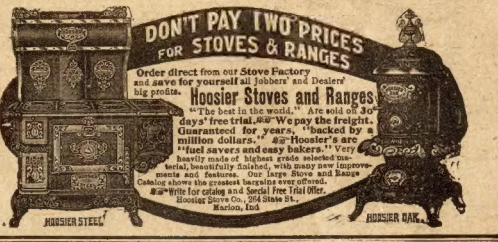
"Why, running hotels and charging $10 a day."

The Only Way.

Gunner—There goes a man who once kept a cook thirty days.

Guyer—Great Scott! He is a wonder. It is a wonder she didn't leave, though.

Gunner—She couldn't. He is a sheriff and she was locked up thirty days for breaking dishes and upsetting the stove.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HER WEDDING GOWN.

She stitched the dainty silken seams
With loving care,
And many girlish little dreams
Are hidden there.
I saw her lay her happy face
Caressingly against the lace.

But little did the others guess
The day-dream sweet
She sewed into her wedding dress
With stitches neat—
The dimples, blushes, hopes and fears—
The memories, the smiles—the tears.

HOW HE MET HER.

BY MRS. H. C. MYERS.

The tumultuous heart-throb of the great hotel had been stilled to a regular, quiet beating as the confusion and heat of day was succeeded by the tranquility and repose of the night. All the life and activity of the place seemed concentrated in the office, for there the subdued orders that were given to the porters as they responded to the tap of the electric bells, the unfolding and folding of the newspapers as late loungers read and laid them aside—all seemed to be the echo of the day's busy scenes.

Fred Duncan stepped, with a sigh of content, on the balcony which surrounded the house with its cool, shadowy embrace, and lit his cigar with that deliberate, quiet air which heralds perfect masculine content.

Tossing back his chestnut curls, he drew a chair toward him, and abandoned himself to one of those delicious reveries of a bachelor.

Judging from the half-smile that rested on his fine face his thoughts were pleasant ones, but he was suddenly startled by the rustle of a woman's drapery behind him: a soft, rounded arm was laid upon his shoulder, while a delicate hand rested tenderly on his temple. The exclamation of surprise died on his lips as he turned and beheld the vision at his side.

A slight, girlish figure, robed in a pale-blue Watteau wrapper, with a soft lace at neck and sleeves, and a cascade of the same rich trimming from her throat to the slippered little foot which just peeped beyond the hem of her dress.

Her face could not have been called beautiful by any means, but was beautiful in its high-bred patrician expression, its delicate, sensitive mouth and deep blue eyes, but alas! their blue depths had not a particle of brightness in them now, but gazed forward into vacancy. The expression on the face was not to be mistaken—he realized instantly that she was a somnambulist, and all the chivalry of his heart was roused for her helpless unconsciousness.

Slipping gently from the touch that thrilled him with such strange pleasure, but which he felt he had no right to enjoy, he stood by her side, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of disturbing her.

She did not seem to notice that he had changed his position, but remained, for moments, so still that, but for the sweep of her blue robe, she might have been considered a piece of statuary with the softened rays of the moon falling on his pale face.

Finally, she slowly turned, went through the hall and down a side stairway which led to the lawn. A vague fear of some danger to her caused him to follow, but he was filled with consternation as he saw her cross the lawn and reach the path which led to the beach. The lights of the city already glimmered in the distance, and still she walked quickly on. He could not allow her to go to this deserted spot alone, nor did he feel that he had a right to act as her protector. There was but one alternative, but he shrank from this with perfect cowardice. He felt that he could more readily face an army than shock this delicate girl with a sudden waking, yet he knew that it was his duty. Not for any consideration would he have touched her but overtaking and bending over her, he said, in a slow distinct voice:

"Madam, will you not let me escort you to the hotel?"

She stopped, passed her hand over her face in a bewildering way, and then, as she realized the moonlight and the stranger at her side, a low scream of fright escaped her.

"I entreat you not to be frightened," he said, with eager haste. "I deeply regret that I have given you this shock, but I saw you and could not let you go to the beach alone."

"Oh!" she said, with a little shudder, "I understand. I—I was asleep."

Evidently the infirmity was not a new one, and she knew of it. She trembled so that she could scarcely stand.

"Will you not let me attend you back to the hotel?" he repeated, and every inflection of his voice was perfect deference. "Although a stranger, believe me that I would serve you in any way." Then, hesitatingly, "You tremble; will you not take my arm?"

Even in her fright she had noticed his refined, intelligent face, and felt that she was in the presence of a perfect gentleman, but with shy grace she declined his proffered arm.

"Thank you," she said, "I do not need it, but I shall be grateful for your protection."

Silently she retraced her path, but her footstep was so light that her swift, graceful movements seemed almost birdlike in manner. As she reached the hotel she paused, hesitated, and then held out her delicate hand to him.

"Sir," she said, in a low, sweet voice, "I shall always remember your consideration and kindness."

As she disappeared in the doorway he felt that he had been in a dream for the past few minutes, so unreal it seemed, but if it was a dream, he knew that it had awakened recollections that could never be hushed to sleep, for the touch of her hand and the memory of her sweet face would linger with him always.

* * * * * * * * *

Fred was a perfect athlete, but the next morning he received a cordial slap in the shoulder which nearly carried him off his feet, and a cheery voice sounded at his side.

"Fred Duncan, by the memory of all that's good in our college days. Old fellow, I'm delighted to see you. When did you come, and how does it happen that you are here?"

"Well," was the laughing reply, "I suppose it is the same thing which has brought you, that I was tired of the heat and dust of the city, tired of myself and surroundings, and sought that change which is the law of nature."

"Whatever caused your being here I regard it as a streak of good luck. I have just brought my father and sister down. Father is the jolliest old governor imaginable, and Alice, you know, is the bright particular star that I have promised you long ago as your guide through life."

"Tom, I think I have worshiped at a distance long enough, and am anxious to come more directly under the influence of my guide."

"The very thing I was about to propose. Come and let me present you."

Leading the way to the parlor, they found them—the old gentleman with a pile of newspapers before him, the daughter standing by his side with one arm resting on his shoulder, and one little hand laid tenderly on his gray head, as she glanced over the columns of the papers with him.

Fred started as he noted the attitude; and even before she turned her graceful head he divined that the guiding star Tom had jestingly given him was the same that had risen so suddenly and brightly over his pathway the evening before.

As she glanced at him a sudden crimson dyed her face, the sensitive mouth quivered, and her eyes drooped beneath his. With all her self-poise it was impossible to go through the introduction without embarrassment, and unconsciously her greeting was a little constrained. Not so with old Mr. Stewart.

"Fred Duncan! Well, sir, I am glad to meet you"—a cordial one, but with a sly twinkle in his eye. "What shall I say to you for leading my boy into so many college scrapes?"

"Ah, sir, you must spare me! The ghosts of those college scrapes must have harrowed my conscience too often to allow you to dwell upon them. But I could appeal to my class to know if I was not the tempted instead of the tempter."

"A fine appeal," laughed Tom, "when you know Alice is just here to give you away! I will compromise, however, and say that the leadership in such things with us was six of one and half a dozen of the other."

The morning passed away in bright and pleasant chatting, but, in spite of herself, Alice was reserved and quiet beyond her usual manner. Tom noticed it with some disappointment, and was not long in seeking an aside with her.

"Alice," he said, "I do wish you wouldn't be so stupid this morning. You and Fred are my specialties, and I want you to be good friends; but I am afraid he will think you more of an iceberg than the warm-hearted girl I has always painted you."

"Indeed, Tom," she said, while the quick tears sprang to her eyes, "I did not intend to appear so; but you shall not have cause to complain again."

It was not a difficult thing to feel at perfect ease under Fred Duncan's genial smile, and, after the first meeting, Alice was her own sweet, gentle self. It was a happy quartet—father, son, daughter, and friend; and as the days passed the glow deepened on Alice's cheek, and the soft light in her eye was brightened. She wondered why this was the loveliest of all summers, and found herself constantly repeating with Byron, "Beautiful, how beautiful is all this visible world, so glorious in its action and itself!" To her clinging nature Fred's strong, manly character was a rest and support. Still she did not divine why it was that this summer was one of such perfect content.

Tom Stewart was one of those sunny dispositions that, like his father, would be as genial and happy at sixty as sixteen, but occasionally Fred noticed that there was a slight shadow on his face as he regarded his sister, a nameless anxiety, and then his manner to her would be even more tender than usual.

One day, when Tom and Fred had been seated alone for some time, the same anxious expression rested upon the former's face.

"Fred," said he suddenly, "do you know that I have but one trouble in the world, and that is about Alice, the sister that I love better than I do myself."

"What is it, Tom?" but he already felt that he knew.

"It is nothing that she, poor darling, could avoid, because, if such a thing is possible, it is as great an affliction to her as to father and myself. When the mother puts her little one to sleep, she feels that the restless feet are out of danger, and she can be at ease; and so it is with nearly all of us when our dear ones rest; when the dangers of the day are passed, and the still, calm sleep of refreshment comes. But," with a sigh, "it is not so with Alice; then we have our only anxiety about her, because we never know at what moment the strange affliction of somnambulism may carry her into countless dangers.

"Is there no way to relieve her?" Fred asked, with breathless interest.

"I do not believe there is, though physicians have told us that if she should ever wake in a moment of great danger, the shock might cure her; but what accident might happen to her at that moment makes us tremble. You cannot know how much anxiety it gives us."

But Fred did know, because the same fear had weighed heavily upon him as day by day he found himself more interested in the gentle girl. The idea that any danger should occur to her in her helpless wanderings was almost more than he could bear.

He longed to ask if she had suffered any from the habit since he startled her by awakening her; but, as Tom made no illusion to it, he felt that she had not mentioned it, and he had no right to do so.

Often, as he saw her standing in that favorite tender attitude by her father, it would carry him back to the moonlight, the evening on the balcony, when he first met her, and a vague unrest of anxiety would possess him.

One evening, as they separated to go to their rooms, he noticed that a few clouds looked menacingly dark, and that there was a particular stillness in the air which presages a storm. He thought nothing of it, however, as those summer storms were so frequent.

He slept, but it seemed only a short while until he was weighed down by some fearful terror. He struggled to fly from it, but the effort waked him, trembling from head to foot.

Once again he slept, but was scarcely unconscious before the pale face of Alice rose before him with a wild appeal to him in her troubled blue eyes. This time he sprang up quickly. He felt that she was in danger, and with a hasty toilet, he rushed to his friend's room.

"Tom! Tom!" he exclaimed, "wake up! I entreat you to see if Miss Alice is in her room! I have had a terrible dream about her, and fear that she is in danger."

It needed no second urging, as the anxious brother hurried to his sister's room. Then when he awakened the frightened little maid he only learned what he saw himself, that she was gone—when and where, they could not tell.

Fred did not wait to hear more, but remembering the path to the beach, his hasty steps quickly carried him to it. The night was one of inky darkness, save when the lightning came in long, blinding flashes, but the air was still with that heavy oppressiveness which seemed to herald the wild, furious burst that would surely follow.

On, on went Fred, yet with every flash he looked all around him with breathless anxiety and searching. Finally he heard the lapping of the waves—not yet lashed into fury, but, as if almost impatient with the restless surge of coming excitement.

Another flash, and he saw the object of his search, but his heart almost ceased to beat as he realized her danger and his helplessness. In that one glance he saw that she was standing on a ledge of rocks leaning over the black waters so far that the bottom of her blue wrapper was beyond the edge, and she seemed more nearly over than on the rocks. If he could only reach her without alarming her, and snatch her away from that perilous position. At any moment the storm might burst, waken and startle her, and she would lose her balance. He formed the desperate resolution of trying to reach her, but the flashes of light that he had to guide him were so pitilessly short that, with his eyes on her, he failed to see a piece of brush, that just as he thought one more flash would give her to him, he stepped on it, turned, caught in the folds of her dress, and the splash of the waters below told him that she was gone.

He seemed to live an eternity as he plunged in after her, but Heaven be praised! the next flash came just as she rose the first time and gave him that he easily caught her, and with swift, bold strokes, swam a short distance below, where he knew that he could reach the bank with his precious burden.

As he carried her on the shore, he realized that she was unconscious, and as he tried to restore her, he called on her by every endearing name to live for his sake.

The appeals seemed to bring her back to life, as a faint, quivering sigh came from her lips. Then as consciousness came to her she clung to him with wild terror.

"Oh, Fred," she said, "dear Fred, take me out of this terrible darkness. Oh!" she moaned, as she realized her surroundings, "better that I should die than live a life of such constant danger."

"No! No, darling!" he said eagerly and tenderly, "you shall live for me, and my life and love shall be devoted to protecting you from your dangers. I was trying to save you I have been very nearly your murderer," with a shudder, "but Heaven be praised, you are spared to me. My poor little frightened, trembling bird!"

Lights gleamed in the distance, and Tom and his father soon joined them. The rain had begun to fall in torrents, and silently, but with thankful hearts, they bore her back to the hotel.

In the years that followed, when she was surrounded by every attention that the devoted love of her husband could give her, there was never any allusion made to that terrible night. He could not bear it; but Alice did not shrink from its remembrance, for it brought to her two of her greatest blessings—the assurance of Fred Duncan's love, and the shock which forever cured her of somnambulism.

He Obeyed Instructions.

Christ Nelson, having been in this country only a few weeks, was slow in learning American customs, and especially the inscriptions on envelopes. One of his first acts after landing in Oregon was to take out naturalization papers. On the corner of the envelope, in which were contained the documents that make him an American citizen, were the words: "Return in five days."

"Wal, I be har," he said, as he shuffled up to the counter in the county clerk's office and spoke to Deputy Prasp.

"What do you want?" asked the official, carefully noting the embarrassed flush on the Swede's face.

"Wal, it say on this har envelope 'return in five days, and time be up today, so I ban come round."

When assured that nobody wanted him, he turned with surprise and walked sadly away, not certain whether he was naturalized or not.—Portland Oregonian.

HOW I FOUND MY WIFE.

BY C. CLINTON VERNON.

Late in the summer of 1878, while seated in my boarding house in the city of B., in the western part of New York, I received a very urgent letter. It was from an old chum, and the contents were as follows:

"Dalton, Ohio, Aug. 25, 1878.

"Dear Charley: I'm in a fix, as you will see when I explain, and, furthermore, you are the man of all others to help me. The most attractive part of my menagerie is decayed, and the people are gradually falling off in their attendance, all on account of the illness of my lion-tamer, who was taken sick a few hundred miles from here. Since then the cages of the lions have not been entered, as I have been unable to find a man that will enter and 'show up the animiles.' So, you see, unless something is done, my show is in danger of going to destruction. Now, what I want to come at is this: I am, of course, aware of your old habits, and of your occupation in days of yore: and now, if you still have your old power over the animals, will you, to oblige your old chum and save his business, perhaps from ruin, come to this place and take charge of matters, for a few weeks at least, until my man recovers. Your expenses will, of course, be defrayed, and your pay be forthcoming. Telegraph your answer to this place immediately.

"Your friend, as ever,

"LEW ARNOLD."

A few words of explanations are needed. Lewis Arnold and myself had been schoolmates and college chums, and our tastes had run in the same channel, viz., upon animals, and I, during the spare moments in my college course, had devoted myself to hard study upon their manners, habits, etc., especially those of the lion, and to the manner of taming this animal, so that within a year or so after leaving college I had become a skilful lion-tamer, and had engaged in the business, but was not following it at the time of which I write. My friend, with the aid of a small capital, had engaged in the menagerie business, and in time had become a rich man, although he still carried on the business, as the letter shows.

The question now arose, should I go? This I was not long in deciding, for besides my remembrance of 'auld lang syne,' and my natural desire to help my friend, I had become tired of the humdrum city life, and was longing for something exciting. I at once telegraphed my answer, and started on the next train. Many times since have I thanked my stars for this decision, as it was the means of obtaining for me one of the best wives, as the sequel will show.

A few days later I reached the city of Dalton, and in the course of half an hour there after was warmly shaking hands with my old chum, whom I had not seen in several years. He soon made me acquainted with all parts of his exhibition. The lions, which I was to manage, were shown to me, and in a few days I had them under subjection, showing that I had not forgotten my former occupation. And so my friend's exhibition went on, and was again in a prosperous condition.

We were getting along finely together, and I had been with the exhibition three or four days, and we had left Dalton and taken up our line of march for S——, where we were intending to remain a week or so as it was a town of considerable importance.

We were traveling till late one summer evening on the road to this place, and long before we reached it the animals began to get restless, the cause being that for a day and a half we had not been able to obtain their usual allowance of fresh meat. We learned that the drovers had just been through that section of the country, buying up stock, and nothing remained except a few choice animals, with which the owners would not part for love or money; and I confess I had become a little alarmed in regard to my lions, and my alarm was increased when, on reaching S——, we found the same state of affairs there.

The tent was raised, however, on the following day, and preparations made for an exhibition. In the afternoon we had a partial exhibition, and all this time the animals were growing more and more uneasy, and my efforts to quiet them not being very successful, I already began to have some doubts as to the propriety of entering the cages.

A few spectators came in during the afternoon and were engaged in viewing the animals.

The show was almost over, and a few persons only remained within the tent, and I and a few employes of the show were standing on one side, conversing on the danger of entering the cages, which I would be required to do in the evening, when suddenly our attention was attracted by a shriek, loud and prolonged, coming from the other side near the cages of the lions.

Turning quickly, I saw a sight which filled me with horror. One of the largest male lions was just in the act of drawing a little boy into the cage through the ventilator at the bottom. I took in the whole tableau at a glance—the crowd, as many as remained, rushing toward the cage, the manager endeavoring to restrain the child's almost frantic sister, who was endeavoring to wrench the door of the cage, and, lastly, the ferocious beast inside, who, probably thinking his prey secure, stood with his paw upon the breast of the child, quietly surveying the crowd and awaiting further developments.

Forgetting the danger which we had been so earnestly debating, and seizing my loaded whip, in a few seconds I had reached the cage, and stood within, with the door carefully closed behind me.

At the moment I entered, the lion looking toward me, I fastened my gaze upon him, and kept it so for perhaps four minutes, but as I was not sure of my power over the beast in his present condition, they were moments of terrible anxiety to me, and I was for the time being charmed, as it were, by his powerful gaze, so that it seemed hours before I recoverd my presence of mind enough to advance, which I finally did, at the same time striking him a sharp blow with the whip across the neck, and ordering him up.

Seeing, evidently, that I did not fear him, he obeyed, sullenly enough. Following him up with another blow, I ordered him into the corner, where he betook himself with an angry growl. Then, taking up the boy, and at the same time keeping my eyes fastened on the lion, without stopping for my usual obeisance to the audience, I backed out of the cage. But by the time I reached the door my strength gave way, and I had scarcely power to fasten the door after leaving the cage. I soon recovered, however, and, amid the cheers of the crowd, restored the boy to his now rejoicing sister and father, who had by this time reached the spot, and who, with tears in his eyes, begged me to call at his house on the morrow that he might express his thanks, which he was then incapable of doing on account of his emotions.

It appeared that the boy, with a child's natural curiosity, had been trying to get acquainted with the huge lion, by poking him through the ventilator, which he could just reach, and which had been, through some mistake, left open, and had been observed by his sister, when it was just too late.

It was her frantic scream that had given me the first alarm.

After some conversation with my new acquaintances I left the tent with my friend Arnold, the manager, who, clapping me on the back as we passed out, said:

"My boy! you made a good thing of it. I saw you casting sheep's eyes at that golden-haired sister. Something will come of it, my lad, mark me."

"Nonsense!" said I, laughing, and we parted until evening.

But that was the last time I entered the cages. The original tamer had recovered, and joined the exhibition at this place, but, as I afterward learned, he did not enter the cages until, having passed through several places, they obtained sufficient meat for the animals.

On the next day, as agreed upon, I called upon my friends to ascertain the condition of the child, whose injuries were nothing more than some severe scratches on the arm.

Although my connection with the exhibition ended here, I still found it convenient to remain in S—— a few weeks, during which I called at the house of my friends several times, and upon each visit I became better acquainted with the blue-eyed sister, and at last I began to see, as my friend said, that "something might come" of my adventure.

Well, reader, not to prolong my story, I soon left S—— for my home, and the blue-eyed damsel accompanied me as my wife, and, as story books say, "we lived happily forever after."

A Sordid Soul.

Short—Of all the frenzied financiers, I think your friend Scudds is about the worst. Why, I don't believe he ever has a thought except of money.

Long—What's he been doing?

Short—Every time I meet him he asks me for the $10 I borrowed of him three years ago.

Sufficient Credentials.

Careful Parent—Before I can give consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter, I must know something about your character.

Suitor—Certainly, sir, certainly. Here is my bank book.

Careful Parent (after a glance)—Take her, my son, and be happy.

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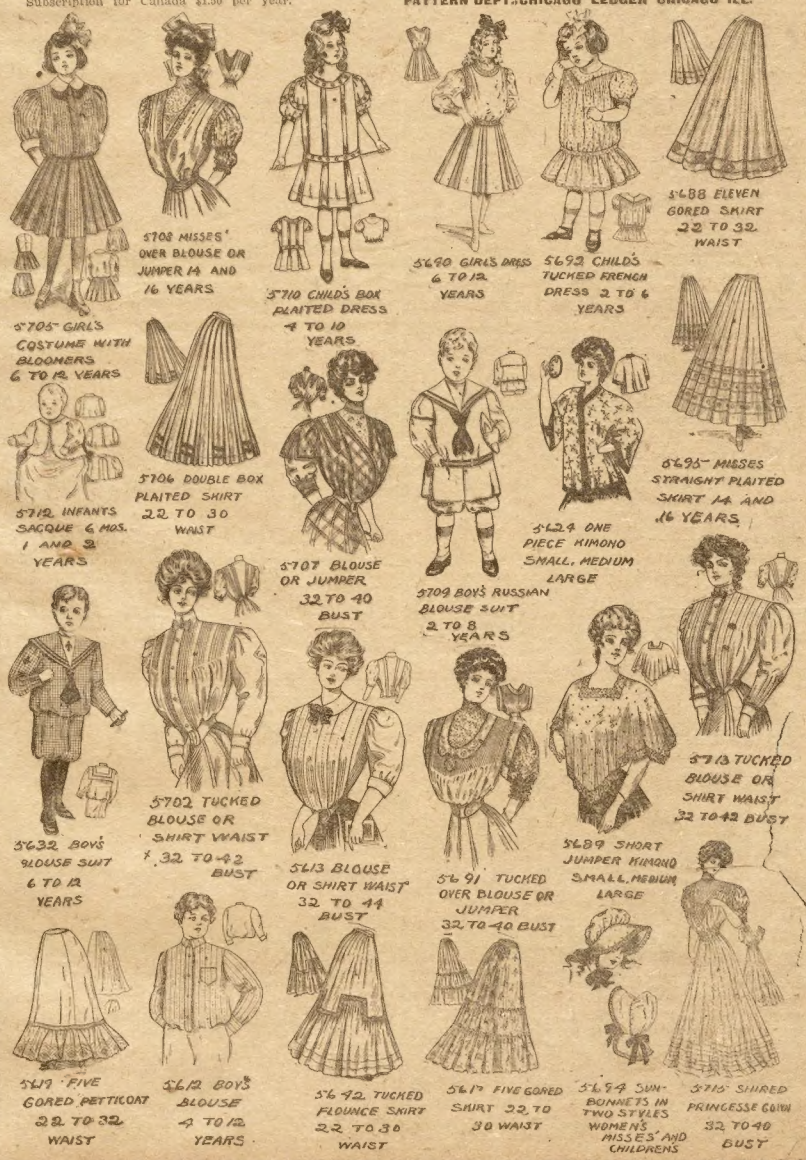
5708 MISSES' OVER BLOUSE OR JUMPER 14 AND 16 YEARS
5710 CHILD'S BOX PLAITED DRESS 4 TO 10 YEARS
5690 GIRL'S DRESS 6 TO 12 YEARS
5692 CHILD'S TUCKED FRENCH DRESS 2 TO 6 YEARS
5688 ELEVEN GORED SKIRT 22 TO 32 WAIST
5705 GIRL'S COSTUME WITH BLOOMERS 6 TO 12 YEARS
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5712 INFANTS SACQUE 6 MOS. 1 AND 2 YEARS
5707 BLOUSE OR JUMPER 32 TO 40 BUST
5709 BOY'S RUSSIAN BLOUSE SUIT 2 TO 8 YEARS
5695 MISSES STRAIGHT PLAITED SKIRT 14 AND 16 YEARS
5624 ONE PIECE KIMONO SMALL, MEDIUM LARGE
5632 BOY'S BLOUSE SUIT 6 TO 12 YEARS
5702 TUCKED BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32 TO 42 BUST
5613 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32 TO 44 BUST
5691 TUCKED OVER BLOUSE OR JUMPER 32 TO 40 BUST
5689 SHORT JUMPER KIMONO SMALL, MEDIUM LARGE
5713 TUCKED BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32 TO 42 BUST
5617 FIVE GORED PETTICOAT 22 TO 32 WAIST
5612 BOY'S BLOUSE 4 TO 12 YEARS
5692 TUCKED FLOUNCE SKIRT 22 TO 30 WAIST
5617 FIVE GORED SKIRT 22 TO 30 WAIST
5694 SUN-BONNETS IN TWO STYLES WOMEN'S MISSES' AND CHILDRENS
5715 SHIRRED PRINCESSE GOWN 32 TO 40 BUST

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

They Helped Him Out.

A party of young people who were tenting in a grove near a glen witnessed an incident that seems to show a friendly understanding among squirrels.

An out-of-doors dinner had just been finished and the party were still sitting at the table, when a red squirrel, with glistening, eager eyes, came creeping down a tree which stood near the table. He crept nearer and nearer, and finally leaped upon the table.

The lady who was presiding said "Yes, help yourself to anything you want!"

Upon this invitation the little fellow made bold to creep up to a loaf of bread from which only a slice or two had been cut. He seized it and dragged it to the side of the table, and somehow managed to scramble down the side with it to the ground. He then fixed his teeth in the crust, and dragged it away and down the steep sides of the glen.

But when he reached the bottom and confronted the steep rise on the other side it was too much for him. Then he gave a sort of call, which seemed to be understood, for soon squirrels were seen coming from several directions. They crowded round him, and after a little conference, all took hold, and with tug and strain they managed to bring the loaf to the top of the hill, and disappeared with it in the woods beyond.

He Seeks Revenge.

You all have heard stories about the camel—how patient and useful he is on long hot journeys, so that he is often called the "ship of the desert."

But he has one very bad fault. He likes to "pay back," and if his driver has injured him in any way he will not rest till he has returned the injury.

The Arabs, who wander about the deserts, and so use the camel a great deal, know about this fault of his, and have a queer way of keeping themselves from getting hurt.

When a driver has made his camel angry he first runs away out of sight. Then, choosing a place where his camel will soon pass, he throws down some of his clothes and fixes them so that the heap will look like a sleeping man.

Pretty soon along comes the camel and sees the heap. Thinking to himself, "Now, I've got him," he pounces on the clothes, shakes them around and tramples all over them. After he is tired of this and has turned away, the driver can appear and ride him away without harm.

Poor, silly camel. He has been in what we call "a blind rage," so angry that he can't tell the difference between a man and a heap of clothes.

Which?

The artless simplicity of children at play is always interesting. They are unconscious of self and so are never embarrassed. So it came to pass the other day when Virginia and Dorothea were playing in their miniature log cabin, the following conversation was overheard: "Now," said Virginia to her sister Dorothea, "I will be the mamma and you be the aunt." "What shall I be?" "You be the aunt." And Dorothea looked up and replied: "Sitter (sister) shall I be a bug aunt, or a woman aunt?"

A Dog "Newsboy."

The railroad ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of New York State. I stood at the rear of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle, says a writer in the Philadelphia Record. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat at the end of the train, asked if I wanted to see a "real country newsboy." I answered "Yes." So he stepped out on the platform of the car.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on the lower step, holding on with his left.

He began to wave the paper as we swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farmhouse came into view, way off across some open fields.

Suddenly the conductor flung the paper against a road fence and a shaggy form leaped over and alighted just where the newspaper lay.

It was a big black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail, as he watched the swiftly-moving train. Suddenly he snatched the paper from the ground, jumped over the fence, and away he went across the fields to the farmhouse.

"What will he do with the paper?" I asked.

"Carry it to the folks at home; you see, my father lives there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day."

"Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?"

"No; he knows when it is train time, and comes over to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, summer or winter."

"But does he not go to the wrong train sometimes?" I asked with considerable curiosity.

"Never. I don't know how he tells time, but Carlo is always there and the engineer whistles to remind me to get out on the platform before we pass Carlo."

The Scarecrow.

The town constable owned a fine orchard. It required all his efforts to keep the bad boys of the town from stealing, so that when he fell sick he despaired of saving any of the fruit.

However, he had a dummy rigged up to look very much like himself, and had it placed in the orchard. For a while this kept the boys away, but, after a time, they saw that it never moved from the one position, and suspected it was only a scarecrow. After that the thefts were more frequent than ever.

In the meantime the constable had recovered from his illness. He immediately resolved to set about punishing the boys.

He took his stand in the orchard just as the scarecrow had been placed, and waited.

Along came two of the worst offenders. Coming close to what they believed to be the scarecrow, they taunted it and made all sorts of fun of it. Suddenly, the scarecrow moved, and, before they had time to recover from their sudden surprise, it had pounced upon them.

No more apples were stolen for a time.

What Does "Selah" Mean?

The word "selah," as everybody knows, occurs frequently in Book of Psalms, and there has been much discussion as to its meaning. Dr. Smith, in his Biblical Dictionary, says: "Beyond the fact that 'selah' is a musical term, we know absolutely nothing about it." Mattheson, the great music critic, wrote a book on this subject, in which he recites the various theories that has been suggested about the word. After attempting to show that all these theories are wrong, or at least faulty, he concludes that the word is equivalent to our "da capo" and means that the air or song is to be repeated from the beginning to the part where the word is placed. In other words, that it was simply a direction to the musicians that chanted Psalms in the Temple.

JACK'S AMBITION.

BY MARIE LOUISE WARD.

I'd like to be the man that owns
The great big circus tent;
An' if a little boy came 'long
That didn't have a cent,

I'd ask him if he wanted to
Come in an' see the show.
I don't believe that little boy
Would tell a big man "No."

An' then I'd say, "Jus' help yourself
To lemonade an' stuff,"
An', course I'd tell him not to stop
Until he'd had enough.

I'd let him stay until he'd seen
Jus' all there was to see.
Oh, dear, I wish some circus man
Would do like that to me!

Sheep and Wolf.

Tear a piece of paper into as many pieces as there are players, and on each piece write some number representing an hour in the day. As there are only twelve hours, there can be only twelve numbers, but if more than twelve are playing you can make some of the numbers half hours until there is the required amount.

On one piece mark a cross and then shake all the numbers in a hat, each player drawing one out. The one who gets the slip with the cross on it is "It," or the "Wolf," while the other players are called the "Sheep."

A ring is then formed by the sheep, the wolf standing in the middle. The sheep then call out, "What time will you dine tonight, old wolf?" and Mr. Wolf calls out any hour he happens to think of. The sheep then who holds the slip corresponding to the number called by the wolf starts to run. If he can get around the ring three times before being caught by the wolf he is safe; if not, he must be "wolf." The game keeps up until all have had their turn at being "wolf," and this does not take long, for the wolf is not supposed to call the same number twice.

"Watcha da Monk."

An Italian organ grinder in Birmingham, England, had a monkey with him to collect the pence, and one day when he was out on the street a mischievous boy gave the animal a lighted cigarette and his paws were burned. At that Jocko got mad and ran away and could not be recovered.

That night at 11 o'clock the bell of one of the fire engine houses began to ring and turned out the whole department and upset things for an hour. Then it was found that the organ grinder's "monk" had made his way into the belfry of the firehouse and was doing the ringing. For two hours the firemen tried every way to get him, and at last a lasso was thrown over the animal's head and he was captured.

The Sly Fox.

A fox, observing some fowls at roost, wished to gain access to them by smooth speeches. "I have got," says he, "charming news to tell you. All animals have entered into an agreement to preserve universal peace among one another. Come down and celebrate with me this decree." An old cock, who was on his guard, looked around him very cautiously.

On the fox asking him his reasons, he answered. "I was observing those two dogs which are coming this way." Reynard set off. "What," says the cock, "is there no peace yet settled among us."

"Yes," says the fox, "but these dogs, perhaps, have not heard of it."

Caught a Man.

In the mountains of Tennessee deer are often caught in a noose attached to a small tree bent over, and which flies back when the victim has been caught and holds him suspended in the air.

Such a trap was set by two boys last winter, and a hunter stepped into it and was left hanging for two days before being found. He said he was very fond of swinging in a hammock for an hour or two, but to swing by one leg for two days was rather too much of a good thing.

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